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THE ATHENÆUM

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THE GAME OF LIFE

O LIFE, what art thou? Life seldom answers this question.

But her silence is of little consequence, for schoolmasters and other men of good will are well qualified to answer for her. She is, they inform us, a game. Which game? Bagatelle? No, Life is serious, so not bagatelle, but any game that . . . er . . . is not a game of mere chance; not Baccarat, but Chess; or, in moderation, Bridge; yes, or better still Football with its goals and healthy open air atmosphere and its esprit-de-corps; Fate is the umpire and Hope is the ball: hie to the football ground all, all, all.—Thus far and even further the men of good will. Once started on the subject of Life they lose all diffidence, because to them it is ethical. They love discussing what we ought to be instead of what we have to face—reams about conduct and nothing about those agitating apparitions that rise from the ground or fall from the sky. When they say that Life is a game they only mean that some games develop certain qualities, such as heartiness, which they appreciate.

Still, they may have used the right phrase. There are some curious features about games, moments of piercing reality when an unknown process is suddenly reflected like a star. Upon the simple little universes that have been created by the device of rules and by the convention of a beginning and an end, there sometimes descends an endorsement, as it were, from the actual universe. Similar endorsements descend upon works of art. But there their effect upon us is different. They gratify. They make us feel we could be artists too. Whereas the game, when it becomes real, becomes disquieting. A win always seems shallow: it is the lose that is so profound and suggests nasty infinities. Games of mere chance must, it is true, be excluded from this charge. They have abandoned any pretence of Free Will, and consequently their irony is too mechanical to be endorsed by Life's: Life may also be mere chance, but she has evolved

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the imposing doctrine of effort and reward to obscure her purposelessness, and any game that mirrors her must do the same. Let us therefore turn to games of skill, and in the first place to Chess.

I play the Evans.

The invention of a naval officer, the Evans Gambit is noted for its liquidity. A heavy current rapidly sets in from the south-west and laps against the foundations of Black's King's Bishop's Pawn. The whole surface of the board breaks into whirlpools. But sooner or later out of this marine display there rises a familiar corpse. It is mine. Oh, what have I been doing, what have I been doing? The usual thing. Premature attack, followed by timidity. Oh, why didn't I move out my Rook's Pawn? Because as always I was misled by superficial emotions. No, not as always. It must be that the Evans doesn't suit my style. Henceforward I play Old Stodge.

I do so. There is nothing liquid about Old Stodge. He smacks of the soil. On either side runs a dreary ridge of Knights and Bishops. Between them is a plain (whence the term of Giuoco Piano) where the Pawns butt one another like rams. The powers of earth move slowly to the shock, then topple over with alternate and uninspiring thuds. It's supposed to be an

exchange. But when the lines of the new landscape emerge from the dust, what familiar corpse is disclosed? Mine. Oh, what have I been doing? The usual thing. My character has come out. If I go down to the depths of the sea, it is there; if I seek the heart of the hills it is there also. Chess, which severely eliminates accident, is a forcing house where the fruits of character can ripen more fully than in Life. In Life we can always blame the unknowable for our failures, wave the hand to some horizon, shake the fist at some star. But surely when we make the same mistakes in the Evans, Old Stodge, the choice of a tie, a row in the office and a love affair, the same defect must be to blame—character; for which, the men of goodwill hasten to remind us, we are entirely and eternally responsible.

Since there are these two elements in life, the uncontrollable and that which we are supposed to control; and since games of chance exaggerate the former and Chess the latter—what game reflects their actual proportion?

Piquet.

Those who reply Bridge or Football introduce the incalculable element of partners and sides. One complexity cannot interpret another, and though Life may be Bridge, it is so only to the eye of faith: the resemblance cannot be grasped by an intellectual effort. But think for a moment about Piquet. It is in the first place obviously and overwhelmingly unfair. Fate is dealt, despite skill in discarding, and neither in the rules of play nor in the marking is there the least attempt to redress misfortune or to give the sufferer a fresh chance. The bias is all the other way. Disaster is an additional reason for disaster—culminating in the crowning butchery of Rubicon, where the very bones of the victim are gathered up by the conqueror and flung like sticks upon his bonfire. Yet this savage pastime admits the element of Free Will. It is possible to retard or accelerate Fate. Play, subtle and vigorous play, goes on all the time, though the player is being swept to disaster or victory by causes beyond his control, and it is in the play, rather than the result, that the real interest of the game resides. Another affair, in which all the living and possibly all the dead are engaged, runs on similar lines. Failure or success seem to have been allotted to men by their stars. But they retain the power of wriggling, of fighting with their star or against it, and in the whole universe the only really interesting movement is this wriggle. O Life, thou art Piquet, in fact. A grim relaxation. Still, she might have been Golf.

HENRY JAMES: A PERSONAL MEMOIR

AS the frontispiece to the "Awkward Age," in the collected edition of the novels and tales of Henry James, there appears the photograph of part of a dignified Georgian house. This, as the inscription on the opposite page alleges, is "Mr. Longdon's," and, for the purposes of the uninitiated, "Mr. Longdon's" it doubtless will remain. To those, however, who know the original of the photograph, it will retain its historic name of "Lamb House," for as such has it been known for many years to the burgesses of the "anciente towne" of Rye in Sussex, wherein it may be found. Formerly the residence of the famous Sussex family of Lamb, members of which entertained Royalty within its walls, it more recently became the country house of Henry James, from whom it will acquire a still more lasting fame. To the visitor, renewing his acquaintance with the picturesque old town, one addition—melancholy enough in its inference—to the plain facade of the house will be apparent; that of a stone tablet bearing the inscription, "Henry James, Author, lived here 1898-1916." One would find no other change—things change slowly in Rye. The quiet corner of the cobbled street remains as

it was a hundred years ago, undisturbed save by the artists, who, year by year, sit, with incomparable patience, upon the white steps of "Mr. Longdon's," sketching from that coign of vantage the western end of the old church.

Rye needs no eulogy. It is well-known—I had almost said, too well-known—by an ever-growing number of people, among whom may be found an unusually large proportion of artists and literary men. Remote from the main current of tourists and holiday-makers it retains, to an unprecedented extent its air of old-worldliness, and mellow peace. The irregular red-tiled houses crowd, in a disorderly pile, round the grey church tower that watches over Romney Marsh, and the crooked cobbled streets remain grass-grown and unused, save by the exploring pedestrian, and the ubiquitous artist. The advent of a car, or even a cycle, in these quaint old streets may, not without justification, be regarded as an outrage. Such were the immediate surroundings of Henry James in his summer retreat, and of all the many lovers of the place, he was not the least appreciative. Up and down these streets, throughout the long days of summer, one might have seen him, walking very slowly, poking this and that with his stick, chatting with an occasional man working in the roadway or with an artist whom perhaps he knew; revelling in the hot Southern sunshine and the strangely foreign atmosphere that so irresistibly attracts the visitor. Following the tortuous ascending lanes, he would reach the old ramparts and turn into one of the embrasures upon the cliffs, where one looks out into the blue distance, as though here the street cast away earthly trammels, and plunged straight into the sky. Here would he seat himself and muse until a chance acquaintance claimed his attention. Then, should that acquaintance be a stranger to the town, he would dilate upon the quiet beauties of the place—though, as he has admitted to me, even he could never really get beyond the so appropriate term, "unique."

In these "little walks," as he called them, I was, during the summer of 1913, his almost constant attendant. I had been introduced to him shortly after his return from America, and had accepted his friendship and the inestimable advantage of the Lamb House library, with pride and alacrity. All my youthful enthusiasm being concentrated upon literature, greater fortune than such an acquaintance could hardly have befallen me, and I endeavoured to make the most of such an opportunity. I now realise how crude my judgments and prejudices must have appeared to him—how intolerably *gauche* I was; yet I was an enthusiast, and that, above most things, appealed to Henry James. Books of all descriptions I borrowed from Lamb House, devouring them voraciously, though too frequently, I fear, my selection was unwise. I remember wasting, if that be not too strong a term, several months upon Frazer's "Golden Bough"—a labour that I still profoundly regret. Yet, upon the whole, I read well; indeed, I could hardly have done otherwise with such a man as my guide. Day after day we talked at length of books and men—of my tentative criticisms, of his considered opinions and impressions. Authors,

ancient and modern; the great French writers of the last century; the Victorians; Tolstoi and his school; they all passed under review. Many a time since, in reading, I have tried to reconstruct these conversations (if such they may be called, when one talked continuously, and the other listened) broken and often disconnected by local interests, yet full of vital criticism and judicious praise, and all the more vividly interesting as he knew personally many of the men of whom he spoke. I recall them with an indefinable sense of loss, and that in another sense than the inevitable one of the loss of a personal friend. More selfishly, one may say; for I refer to the fact that, although I still carry the general impressions of his themes and his enthusiasms, I have lost the detail, and those who know the written work of Henry James will realise the extent of that loss. Sentences here and there remain vivid, illuminant upon a background in which the details are blurred, rich in colour yet indeterminate—but it is the actual word that is wanting. The turn of the phrase; the vital criticism of the master-mind; much that was so essentially part of the man himself, elude the memory, and leave a void impossible to be filled. I have only to read again the "Notes on Novelists," for instance, to become acutely aware of the abundant critical and personal details that I have forgotten.

But it is of the more personal impressions of Henry James that I wish to speak. I was teaching in Rye at the time of my introduction to him, and, as our acquaintance ripened, I usually found him in the street outside the schools at 4 o'clock, waiting, as he said, "to be taken for his little walk." Very slowly and avoiding the steepest slopes—for he was then but recovering from a severe illness—we would progress in and around the town sometimes for an hour, sometimes for two, according to the state of his health. A strange couple we must have appeared—he, with his short rather stout figure, holding me (over six feet and thin as a lath) firmly by the elbow; stopping every few yards while he emphasised some now forgotten point with the aid of his stick, or while he chatted with a fisherman mending his nets, or jested with a "longshoreman" upon his apparent year-long idleness. And always, continuously, he talked. Quiet and humorous, his sentences were, none the less, frequently of the complex though balanced structure of his writing. Often, I am sure, the men to whom he spoke lost his "drift" long before he had finished, yet they minded as little as he did himself. The whimsical way in which he questioned them; the obvious delight he showed in the most ordinary things connected with their work or amusement; his exaggerated "helplessness" before their technicalities; and his humorous infectious chuckle at some unperceived subtlety, endeared him to these plain men. There was that fine sympathy—that humanity—in his character that drew all men to him. And this, I venture to suggest, is not to be found in its full expansiveness in his books—nowhere, in fact, but in the man himself.

Into the midst of a dissertation upon the "excremental" nature (the term is his) of Zola's work, he would stop suddenly, and point out some neglected buildings, some aspect of the river that appealed to

him, and Zola would be lost in the pleasure of a momentary perspective. There was one such spot by the river, looking westwards to the old black ferry house below the ruined Ypres Castle, where he would always arrive, if possible, towards sunset. With the red glow behind the little old world house, and the warm light of a summer evening giving "tone" to the whole picture, he frequently declared there was no prettier scene in England. Here, leaning upon the low fence, he would praise the quiet beauties of South England, comparing and contrasting them with a hundred remembered scenes in Europe and America—Italy, however, always taking precedence. He took great pleasure in these reminiscences; in fact I am sure that many of his happiest hours were spent thus, by the lazy river, while he spoke, half to himself, of his memories and the past. Returning from this spot that occasioned so much enjoyment, we would pass the schools wherein I worked, and the sight of these would frequently bring him back to the present by way of the question of education, in which he displayed a vast, but whimsical, interest. Severe practicality, as I afterwards found, was outside his sphere of life, or, at least, he made an elaborate pretence of it being so. I quote from one of his letters, answering a far too technical letter of mine:—"I am impenetrably stupid about these things; the more clearly, that is the more copiously, they are exhibited, the more helplessly and idiotically I gape." This, it is true, did not refer to education, yet it is, I think, equally applicable there. It was incredible to him that one should have to teach boys to read, for instance; though he admitted that it was, in some cases, only too apparently a task of unimagined labour. American boys, he was convinced, were much more intelligent. A Sussex boy needed, he asserted to be asked the way six several times before he grasped the question sufficiently to be able to say he did not know. There was more than a little poetic licence about this statement, which I, realising, combated vigorously, upholding, with little success, I fear, the wit of my Sussex scholars. Laughingly, he would insist upon his point, and we would loiter on, slowly, though not slowly enough for me, towards Lamb House and the book-lined study, where I selected my accursed volume of Frazer, and went home to my work.

These memories are trivial? Perhaps, if anything that may display, ever so vaguely, some unnoted trait of character in such a man can be trivial. Yet I think them worthy of record in that they show a rather different man than one's imagined author of the novels, particularly of the later ones. In these, the pursuing of microscopic distinctions; the endless reservations and subtle qualifications; the subdividing into thousandths of psychological hairs, to the almost total elimination of the action, might lead one to suppose that the author himself was meticulous to the last degree. My experience proved this supposition to be the opposite of the fact. His work was indubitably a great part—the most important part—of his life, yet there was another part such as that which I have so briefly tried to suggest. The tolerant Henry James, who constantly indulged in that humour so inimitably his own, who quoted colloquialism and

"slang" with gusto and enjoyment, may be recognised by his readers; but the Henry James who chatted with boatmen and gardeners, who took so real an interest in the concerns of ordinary men, will not be so well known to them. The author so remote from the commonplaces of reality in his writing, so apparently unconscious of the grosser outgrowths of life, was, as a man, the friend and benefactor of many of the very people whom he appears to ignore, and, what is more, was by them genuinely admired and beloved.

The reality of the wide sympathies and embracing friendliness of the man cannot better be emphasised than by his attitude during the first year of the War, when this more intimate side of his nature came immediately to the fore. Calls of suffering and distress showered upon him from all directions, and all were answered to the very limit of his power. Lamb House was lent again and again to friends in need—so much so that, in July 1915, he wrote to me, saying that he was postponing his usual summer visit to Rye indefinitely, and remaining in London. Indeed, he found it almost impossible to stay long away from the centre of things during the year before his last illness. The War had the effect of loosening his grasp upon his settled ideas of life. His writing suffered much from the changed conditions. Writing to me in March 1915, he says, "I can only deal, in all our depressing conditions, with a fraction of the correspondence that more or less assaults me, and there is many an old, old friend whom I have to neglect and ignore altogether." And again "I find our public situation, our preoccupations and anxieties . . . quite strike at the root of letter-writing, and my correspondence has much gone to pieces." Yet, otherwise, his activities were vastly increased, charities, public and private, took up a great deal of his time, and until the final breakdown of his health, his energies were directed, almost solely, towards the immense needs of humanity—needs which previously, perhaps, had not been so fully realised. Sheltered and remote from the work-a-day world, as, in some respects, he was, the tragedy of the War came upon him with devastating suddenness, and his immediate impulse to help the distressed in every way possible was indicative of the man. To the last he gave his best, and believed with all his heart in the spirit of his adopted country. I quote again, and finally, from one of his letters: "Yet the law of life just now is that we can't bury our heads, ostrich-like in the sand, but must sit up to things somehow or other all round. There are plenty to sit up it, surely; but people seem to be doing it pretty well, thank goodness; and for myself, I do my aged and disillusioned best."

There I will leave him, with the knowledge that his "best"—though "aged and disillusioned"—was none the less a splendid best, and, to the end, one worthy of a great writer, and a greater, kinder man.

H. DUNSTER.

MR. R. C. TREVELYAN'S translation of "The 'Ajax' of Sophocles" will shortly be published by Messrs. George Allen & Unwin. It is a line-for-line translation of the Greek, the speeches and dialogue being rendered in blank verse.

REVIEWS

THE EDUCATION OF TASTE

ENGLISH LITERATURE DURING THE LAST HALF-CENTURY. By J. W. Cunliffe, D.Lit., Professor of English in Columbia University in the city of New York, and Associate Director of the School of Journalism. (New York, Macmillan, 10s.6d.net.)

AMERICA outstrips the world in the development of the text-book; America has carried the text-book into conquests elsewhere unaspired to by that humble vehicle of instruction; in America every serious work threatens eventually to conform to the text-book decorum, and to wear the text-book uniform of bibliography and guide to Further Reading; in America instruction is a manifest of seriousness. Professor Cunliffe avows that he has "encouraged young people who are preparing themselves for the writer's task to make themselves acquainted with the works of the nearer, as well as of the more remote past," and adds in justification of his book that "it seems reasonable that he should afford them what help he can"; and further that he intends to provide "guidance for further study." On perusing the volume with the author's intention clearly in mind, we are thrown into bemusement over the discord between this intention and even the plan upon which the work is conceived. For clearly the book of such an intention is not to be merely a collection of essays on twelve or fourteen writers. If the young people preparing themselves for the writer's task are to advance their preparation, they must learn something from the book as a whole; they must be guided to appreciate each novelist or poet for what he is, and they must also be shown that Literature is an historical structure with some coherence. They must not be entertained or stupefied by a circus procession.

Here is a problem not only for the tutor of young persons, but also for the literary historian and the critic. Wherever there is to be consideration of any group or number of writers, several activities may come into exercise: there are the feelings, emotions, direct impressions excited by immediate contact with each writer; there are the feelings, emotions, impressions aroused by contrast and comparison of several writers, and there are the theories we may erect accounting for these data. Also, there is the generality, which is usually a substitute for both impression and theory. It is in this last faculty that Professor Cunliffe excels. To communicate impressions is difficult; to communicate a co-ordinated system of impressions is more difficult; to theorize demands vast ingenuity, and to avoid theorizing requires vast honesty. But to enunciate a generality is easy, and seldom useful. Professor Cunliffe's aim is to encourage "systematic study." Very well; to emphasize the system he presents an introduction which apparently gives the background for the later 19th-century literature. The jumble of stage properties in this background includes Liberalism, Social Reform, Mr. Sidney Webb, the Cinema, the National Insurance Act, "the establishment of the theory of evolution by natural selection," Huxley, Biblical criticism, the reaction ("it was agreed that between religion and science there was no necessary antagonism"), rapid transition (Manchester, steam-engines); and at the end Mr. Cunliffe advances to the front of the stage and announces that "it is upon the foundation laid by the writers of the last half-century that the present generation has built and must continue to build."

The Victorian Age was a very complex period; to show how these economic phenomena moulded or affected literature would be a labour of very great pains and infinite critical subtlety and skill, a labour demanding the most heroic abstentions from generalizing. The fact is

that Mr. Cunliffe does not try; he has got the background "off his chest"; and he ceases to bother his head with it. He proceeds informatively from one writer to another almost as if each were the sole occupant of an island of his own. The young person who has begun his literary training with this confusing summary of a difficult period must, if he has any native sense, discover its futility when he proceeds to the first essay on Meredith. Here he will perceive that his wrestling with one generality does not assist him in conquering the next. For he is abruptly informed that Meredith's "success in intellectualizing the novel had far-reaching influence." He knows by this time that there was a National Insurance Act, but he cannot be assumed to know what a novel is, or how it can be and why it should be intellectualized, or indeed what intellect is, and probably he has quite erroneous ideas of what influence is; nevertheless, he learns that Meredith's success in intellectualizing the novel had far-reaching influence. "No religious difficulties interfered with Meredith's frank acceptance of the theory of evolution." The young person may not know what the theory of evolution is, or which theory of evolution Meredith accepted, but he understands that, whatever it was, Meredith swallowed it. "It is in the drawing of characters, especially of women, that Meredith excelled." Here the honest apprentice will perhaps ask himself whether nearly all great novelists do not in some way excel in the drawing of characters, and whether the difference is not in the style of the drawing; he will not have to have read very much to arrive at this reflection. And if he is very honest indeed, he will be aware of his complete perplexity at a passage like the following:

[Meredith] continued, both in poetry and fiction, the intellectual tradition which had been established by Browning and George Eliot, and he avoided some of their errors, lacked some of their shortcomings. He is never heavy-handed, arrogant, or dull. In prose and verse alike he was a cunning craftsman, seeking ever to renew the life of our much-travailed English tongue in word, phrase, and metre.

He will wonder at least what exactly was the intellectual tradition established by Browning and George Eliot, what craftsmanship is and how it differs from art. And perhaps Professor Cunliffe, who is the author of a monograph on the influence of Seneca on the Elizabethan drama, understands fully how a language lives and dies and is renewed, but the majority even of adults are only just aware that such phenomena do occur, and are not able to distinguish the living from the dead.

So we advance from Meredith to Hardy, and on to Shaw and Wells and Bennett, to the Irish Movement, finally to the New Poets and the New Novelists. Some of the essays, by themselves, are not without merit: merely to have included Gissing is a merit, and the sketch of his life does throw a little light upon that unfortunate Lodger at Maze Pond. The essay on Conrad, too, is meritorious; it touches seriously one or two matters of literary art. And each essay is rounded by a bibliography.

It would hardly be worth while to devote much attention to this book if the book did not somehow represent the whole method of popular culture; if it did not illustrate the way in which a large part of the half-educated public, and by no means the stupidest part, devours and is encouraged to devour literature; the part of the larger public which does not merely read, but wishes to improve itself; which goes to courses of popular lectures and often hears the sort of statement that Mr. Cunliffe prints: general observations that neither induce thought nor stimulate feelings. The population of which I speak does not include many subscribers to book-clubs of current novels; it exists in rather larger numbers in the North than in the South of England; it supports strongly the

Everyman Library and other cheap editions. This public can thrill to such sentences as Mr. Cunliffe's:

[Meredith] attacked, in men and women alike, sentimentalism, which he defined as "ignoble passion playing with fire." For passion, "noble strength on fire," he evokes our sympathy, and for courage and devotion. Above all he pleads for the use of intelligence, of human reason. . . . He sought in his novels, as he does in the "Ode to the Comic Spirit" . . . to make the relations between men and women more rational and more spiritual. . . . It was in this spirit that he made egotism in its myriad forms the object of his shafts of wit. . . . For the enthusiasms of youth he had keen sympathy. . . .

Obviously it is wrong to allow people to think that they can learn anything about literature or life or writing from phrases such as these. But what instruction, or whether any instruction in taste is possible. . . . One can protest that this does not matter. Nevertheless, these people make profitable the cheap editions which we sometimes are glad to buy, and if they were a little better educated we might have cheap editions of a number of English classics which are hardly to be seen outside of the British Museum.

At all events, the instructor has a course which he can follow: he can point to good literature and then be silent. He can select and present the necessary and interesting facts (only he must be quite positive as to what is a fact, a hard one), and then he can indicate what work is good, and what is good in a different way; his pointing must be orderly and precise. The first step in education is not a love of literature, but a passionate admiration for some one writer; and probably most of us, recalling our intellectual pubescence, can confess that it was an unexpected contact with some one book or poem which first, by apparent accident, revealed to us our capacities for enjoyment of literature. The mind of a boy of fourteen may be deadened by Shakespeare, and may burst into life on collision with Omar or the Blessed Damozel. And none of our tutors could have guessed what piece of printed book would precipitate this crisis.

But if this is fortuitous, the education of taste beyond this, while always more or less deliberate, can only be assisted and not guided by another person. Taste is not a gusto for one author, and it is not, as text-books like Mr. Cunliffe's often imply, a gusto for a dozen authors. It is not a correct theory either, the apprehension of which should supply infallible evidence of values. While we may of course, and must in fact, make theories more or less, explain our feelings to ourselves and others: still our theories are, like Mr. Santayana's "consciousness," only a phosphorescence. Taste begins and ends in feeling. Sometimes it is thought that taste is a weak derivative of enthusiasm. What taste is, I suppose, is an organization of immediate experiences obtained in literature, which is individually modified in its shape by the points of concentration of our strongest feelings, the authors who have affected us most strongly and deeply. It cannot be had without effort, and without it, our likings remain insignificant accidents. To be immediately and without effort pleased by Donne is easy for some people, to be in the same way moved by Shelley is easy for others; the difficulty lies in that process which is not of abstract thought, but which is an organization of feeling, making possible, not only to appreciate Shelley in one mood and Donne in another, but the inclusion of even greater diversity into a system of perception and feeling. The *Apperzeptionsmass* thus acquired is something of a test for anything new that appears.

In Mr. Cunliffe's book there is no organization visible. Perhaps he conscientiously avoids both impressions and theory as too personal for his pedagogical purpose.

T. S. E.

GRAEBNER OR FREUD?

THE EVOLUTION OF THE DRAGON. By G. Elliot Smith. (Manchester, University Press. London, Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

BY this time the reading public ought to know pretty well what to expect when a fresh contribution to the history of culture by Professor Elliot Smith is announced. It will be written in support of his sweeping contention that no "real" invention has been made twice, and consequently that similarities of custom and belief all the world over are to be referred each to some one original centre of dispersal. Next, it will concern itself in particular with the missionary influences of ancient Egypt, taken in conjunction with those of the neighbouring civilizations of South-western Asia. Finally, special attention will be given to a supposed eastward spread of these influences by way of the rest of Asia, and thence right across the Pacific to America.

That this is an excellent scheme of work goes almost without saying. No one in his senses, indeed, would allow himself to be bound by the *a priori* dictum, that inventions are never made twice, or at any rate cannot be "real" if they occur more than once in defiance of the rule. But it is a sound working principle of cultural anthropology that independent origination is to be presumed only in the last resort. As Sir Edward Tylor said long ago, to adopt such a line of explanation is always "to play against the bank," because, even if culture contact be not demonstrable in the existing state of the evidence, the necessary proofs may be brought back by the next scientific expedition. Now the Pacific region, with its far-flung constellations of islands, is an ideal place for studying the distribution of customs, since, apart from the direct testimony concerning migrations that is to hand in the copious legends, there is a good chance of finding in isolated spots more or less pure and representative specimens of the several ingredients in the prevailing mixture of cultures. For the rest, the track of the builders of megalithic monuments, which serves Professor Elliot Smith as his chief clue, certainly seems to take us far out into Oceania, and may possibly extend to the western shore of the American continent itself.

If, then, any fault is to be found, it must not be with the ethnological method of our author, but rather with his logical and literary method. He is altogether in too much of a hurry. We do not refer to the rather casual way in which his paragraphs are strung together. The circumstances of the time excuse a certain want of finish; and in any case this book and its predecessors are but preliminary surveys, of which the upshot is likely to be expressed sooner or later in an elaborate work. But to be in a hurry to jump to conclusions is less excusable. When Professor Elliot Smith writes "it is certain," he appears to mean "I have just read something in a book making it not unlikely." When he declares "it is utterly inconceivable," it is merely his way of saying "It is usually supposed." Is it any use trying to browbeat the world of scholars, which *securus judicat*? Though we cannot but admire the giant energy that thus piles Pelion on Ossa, we must protest in the name of all the decencies that the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence.

The book consists of three essays, one dealing with libations and incense, another with dragons and rain gods, and the third with the genesis of Aphrodite. These diverse studies have more in common than at first meets the eye. In the first place, they are alike concerned with elements in a supposed complex of tradition that eventually girdled more than half the world. We are asked to believe that the pouring out of water and the burning of resins and balsams, for religious purposes, or, again, the cult of monstrous beasts having control of the weather, or of goddesses connected with shells and the sea, are

usages so specific and arbitrary in their nature as to be unmistakably derived from a common and single source. In the next place, they are held to belong psychologically no less than geographically to one group, inasmuch as one and all they are expressions of that generating, fructifying impulse, whereby the life-force secures the perpetuation of the race. It is perhaps significant that Professor Elliot Smith, whose recent war-work, as he tells us, has revealed to him the value of psycho-analysis in its application to nervous and mental disease, should occupy himself with just that class of ritual motives in which a Freudian would look for the most characteristic manifestations of the primal instinct of reproduction. Indeed, it seems to us that our author—and the same remark will probably apply with equal justice to his co-worker, Dr. Rivers—stands, without fully realizing the fact, at a parting of the ways. He will have to make up his mind whether to follow Graebner or Freud—whether to proclaim the ethnological or the psycho-analytic method the royal road to the truth concerning the history of culture; for assuredly if he pursue both together in the spirit of a devotee he will presently be led into dire self-contradiction. In what follows we shall try to make our meaning plainer.

A few, but only a few, of the manifold practices and beliefs touched on in the present work seem susceptible of an ethnological treatment that promises well. Take, for instance, the ceremonial use of the cowry. It is quite consistent with all we know about the analogical play of primitive fancy that a shell so shaped should suggest all manner of ideas ranging from carnal love to spiritual rebirth. Presumably, such notions would at first be indigenous to the region where the shell in question is actually found; but as a trade-object, half-amulet, half-ornament, the cowry with the cowry-myth attached might spread abroad—even as, it would appear, shells from the Indian Ocean travelled as far as Mentone away back in Palæolithic times. Further, where cowries were hard to obtain while their magical value was appreciated, other shells might, despite a difference of shape, come to rank as equivalent for ceremonial purposes. Thus the sculptured figures at Easter Island associated with the cult of the sooty-tern show this bird to be a local substitute for the absent frigate-bird, since the former is depicted with the hooked beak and gular pouch peculiar to the latter; and therefore prove culture-contact with the area to which the frigate-bird cult is native. Unfortunately it is not often possible to obtain such crucial evidence of the propagation of culture as assisted, though at the same time masked, by adaptation to a new environment. Failing such evidence, however, it must always be dangerous to assume that what Professor Elliot Smith is fond of terming a "surrogate"—a substituted symbol—has really been substituted at all; unless, indeed, we refuse altogether to attribute to the human mind a capacity for arriving at equivalent symbols by independent paths of phantastic invention.

For here comes the pinch, if ethnology is to be harmoniously combined with psycho-analysis. Symbolism is the universal means, according to the school of Freud, of expressing various "repressed" strivings of our nature, and notably the sexual impulse, taken in its widest sense, as being that element in us which has to be most forcibly repressed of all. Therefore Egypt and the neighbouring culture lands did not teach the Chinese or the Mayas to weave their phantasies round the theme of Love, the earliest of the gods. A myriad times over man has dreamt in terms of common things, of water and fire, beast and tree, sun and moon, when the dream symbolism was but a means of setting free—of bringing indirectly into consciousness so as to relieve the pressure—the hidden yet disturbing feeling of race. Because the vegetative soul

within us all is bursting with its secret, we are made aware of Aphrodite on all sides, with or without the aid of the cownry-image. How, then, is equivalence in the case of such symbols of universal appeal to be reduced to an effect of transmission eked out by ritual substitution? Professor Elliot Smith preaches monogenesis at one moment, and polygenesis at another. As Plato says of the ventriloquist, "Out of his own belly comes the voice that confutes him."

THE EVOLUTION OF AN ARMY

VESTIGIA. By Colonel Repington. (Constable. 21s. net.)

WITH some unfortunate gaps, due to a still active censorship, Colonel Repington retraces his steps over some 40 years during which he was connected with the Army as a soldier and as an independent critic. He entered Eton as the Franco-Prussian War ended, and his volume closes at the beginning of the Great War. Between these dates the Army ceased to be only an interesting hobby and became a force on the European model. The transition, as Colonel Repington represents it, was sharp and not gradual; and we can best appreciate this by a comparison of his own careful memorandum on invasion with the account of his early days as a soldier. About the latter there hangs a fragrance as of something taken out of an old press where it had been preserved with lavender.

No civilian will ever become perfectly acclimatized in the military atmosphere. The Army which Colonel Repington joined in 1877 must at least have heard of the Franco-Prussian War and the rôle of the General Staff. Some soldier's mind must at least have turned in its sleep at the thought of the Staff's achievement. Yet the Army started for the Khaibar pass, in the Second Afghan War, like a man jumping from his bed at the alarm of fire, ill-found, ill-prepared and with a blank ignorance of the ground it had to travel. Twenty years later, in the Atbara and Omdurman campaigns, success was left to turn upon one man, Kitchener, who pushed his way with unswerving resolution and unfaltering instinct to the intended goal. Kitchener was the Staff and the Commander-in-Chief at one and the same time. But despite attempts at training, despite the existence of an Intelligence Department and a Mobilization Department, the Army entered these campaigns with an engaging innocence of what it had to expect and what tactics it would adopt, and began rehearsals before the battle as though for improvised theatricals. The tragedy of the campaign in South Africa exposed the faults of the system which the successes of the Atbara and Omdurman campaigns had obscured. But it is impossible to overlook the element of chance in the three campaigns. Kitchener, with an untrained enemy to deal with, and a force reasonably adequate, won a series of crushing victories. But Buller had quite another type of enemy to meet and a completely inadequate force, and consequently was compelled to throw his command into the battle piecemeal. His errors in strategy and faults of decision were less attributable to him personally than to the system. Many soldiers regarded a war in South Africa as inevitable; but no preparation was made to meet that evil day. There was an Intelligence Department in London, and apparently it collected intelligence about every place where no fighting was to be expected and mapped some places as yet unknown. Certainly there was no adequate intelligence about the areas where wars were actually fought and no maps which could inform the Afghan columns how the land lay. It is too easy to say that what was required was a General Staff. Colonel Repington is much too

pleased with the work done by the existing organization. The truth is that efficiency and success were happy accidents. There was no one to compel the Intelligence Department to be intelligent intelligently and the mapping section to map intelligently. The haphazard strategy of campaigns is rightly attributable to the lack of an Operations Department; and the inability to employ Staff officers was due to an obvious gap in military organization. But the system as it was had never a chance. The most difficult of arts was treated as a sparetime study.

Colonel Repington discloses this unconsciously. After an elaborate catalogue of his colleagues' accomplishments comes the remark: "keen soldiers, too." He seems to forget, when claiming in 1905 that a General Staff was necessary in order that the country might be provided with an "aristocracy of talent independent of birth," his earlier intolerance of "outsiders" at Sandhurst who actually dined with the cook. The command was recruited from the county families, who, admirable in a thousand ways, could not be expected, as a close corporation, to range the gamut of talents as a modern army requires. There is something a little undergraduate in the fervour with which Colonel Repington called for the General Staff. It was necessary, and it was a civilian, Lord Haldane, who established it; but what was infinitely more necessary was that soldiers should treat their work with the directed intelligence and devotion of the student of science. Before the war it was the exception for soldiers to regard their work seriously. Lord Haldane re-created the Army; gave it a brain; endowed it with power of movement; organized drafts and created a thoroughly efficient second line. Colonel Repington metes out cold justice to these splendid achievements. His enthusiasm is reserved for "the excellent commander of the Ulster Volunteer Force." But Lord Haldane could not do more than give the soldiers their chance, and Lord French's naïve remark about his own and his colleagues' failure to recognize the trend of the modern defensive, despite Bloch, despite—we might almost say—two centuries of military literature in which the point was rarely ignored, is sufficient proof that a brain is not all. We must also have thought.

Nevertheless, Colonel Repington did good service in his work on *The Times*. He realized that the days of the old-time war correspondent were over and that much might be done by an intelligent aperçu of the actual operations and the general situation, and this system, begun in the Russo-Japanese War, was extended to a series of articles for the formation of opinion in the country. The establishment of the Territorial Force, despite the hostility of the Tories, owed not a little to this form of propaganda. In his attaché days at Brussels and the Hague Colonel Repington came up against the incompetence of the Legations. He found himself under two masters, the War Office and the Foreign Office, and also under two Ministers. It is an impossible position, and sooner or later there must be a change. His suggestions for the improvement of the Legation Staffs have already been partly carried out; but the chief lack in the Foreign Office equipment was the lack of an Intelligence Department, and this he failed to notice. When he required information he had been advised by Lord Methuen to go openly and ask for it. This is a sound principle and he was wise enough to adopt it. In dealing with these days, as also with his periods of service, there is much interesting incident in his book, told in the same happy vein that his readers came to expect of him in his journalistic days. He would have made a great soldier with a mind so alert; but we doubt if he would have escaped that incipient mental paralysis which seems to grip the minds of soldier if he had not left the service.

NEW TESTAMENT GREEK

A GRAMMAR OF NEW TESTAMENT GREEK. Vol. II., Part I. By James Hope Moulton. Edited by W. F. Howard. (Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark. 7s. net.)

TWENTY-ONE years ago Dr. P. W. Schmiedel's revised edition of Winer broke off in the middle of the syntax. Two years ago it looked as if a fatality attached to any new grammar of New Testament Greek, for Dr. Moulton had only published his first volume when he fell a victim to German submarines in the Mediterranean. However, we are to get the complete work. It appears that the author had finished the manuscript of the second volume on "Accidence and Word-Formation," except the third part; his materials are in such a state that they can be edited for the press, and the three parts are to be issued separately without undue delay. This is welcome news to students of New Testament Greek. Posthumous publication has generally drawbacks. But it is better than nothing, and, under the circumstances, we feel indebted to those who have undertaken the responsible and laborious duty of publishing this volume.

The part now before us is devoted to "Sounds and Writing," a technical section, necessarily occupied with constant allusions to manuscripts and dialects. As a rule, all this is as far from the exegesis of the New Testament as in the case of Shakespeare. But now and then the evidence becomes valuable, as, *e.g.*, in Col. iv. 15, where the accent (p. 58) determines the sex of the person mentioned; *Νύμφαν* means Nympha, a woman, as Origen took it to mean, whereas *Νυμφάν* would mean a man. Later on (p. 71), Dr. Moulton adheres to his older opinion that St. Paul meant a woman, but this depends largely on the reading *αὐτῆς* instead of *αὐτῶν*. In dealing with the vowel-system as a whole, it is necessary to distinguish the data of the manuscripts from the probable data of the autographs. Dr. Moulton is alive to this, and cautious in drawing inferences. Mark Pattison observed that Warburton "plunges into the bewildering chaos of fact and opinion, like the Irishman into the fight, with a 'God grant I may take the right side!'" There has been too much of this rash plunging in criticism of points like the spelling and pronunciation of New Testament Greek, and one attractive feature of Dr. Moulton's work is the sober caution he displays, where some of his predecessors have been impatient and hasty. A particularly good example is his treatment of the theory that the aspirate is connected with the long-lost digamma (p. 99).

The first thirty-four pages of this part are devoted to New Testament Greek in general; they are a supplement to the Prolegomena of the first volume, especially in connection with the debated question of "Semitisms." By a "Semitism," Dr. Moulton understands "a deviation from genuine Greek idiom due to too literal a rendering of the language of a Semitic original," whether that original was in Hebrew or in Aramaic. The elucidation of this point leads him to some acute estimates of the New Testament authors. The writer of the Apocalypse "simply did not know the grammar of Greek except in shreds and patches" (p. 16). "Peter is written in Greek which seems to have been learnt mainly from books" (p. 5). Luke he regards as "the only *littérateur* among the authors of N.T. books" (p. 7)—which is barely just to the anonymous writer of Hebrews. This introductory section is the most readable part of the monograph. It allows the grammarian to be more than a grammarian, and Dr. Moulton's versatility is displayed here in its most attractive aspect; he settles *Hoti's* business, and in settling it throws a ray of light upon the larger matters for which *Hoti* is an indispensable prop.

The monograph is carefully printed. Lietzmann's name is misprinted on p. 19, but the general accuracy of the

references is remarkable. Seven shillings is a heavy price for an unbound pamphlet of this size, however. The scholar whose income is one of the few things that have not risen may be allowed a grumble at the expense of the book. But the editor assures us that if it had not been "for the generosity and enterprise of Messrs. T. & T. Clark, the appearance of this book would have been delayed indefinitely." So let gratitude be the last word. This is a book to be bought for economy's sake; it enables one to dispense with any other grammar. And when Mr. Thackeray finishes his grammar of Septuagint Greek English scholarship will be more than abreast of its rivals on the Continent and in America.

THE POSSIBILITY OF KNOWLEDGE

THE INTUITIVE BASIS OF KNOWLEDGE. An epistemological inquiry. By N. O. Lossky, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Petrograd. Authorised translation by Nathalie A. Duddington, M.A. With a Preface by Professor G. Dawes Hicks. (Macmillan. 16s. net.)

WHETHER anything at all can be known, is a question which to most people would seem foolish. An attempt to persuade a man that he does not really know his own name, or where he lives, or whether he is married or single, is not likely to meet with much success. Nor does any philosopher, however sceptical, doubt his own possession of such knowledge, except in his official capacity. Nevertheless, Hume, in his study, could produce arguments of a most convincing kind to show that we know nothing at all. What is still more serious, the refutations of Hume, which have formed the stock-in-trade of philosophy ever since, are so complicated and dubious that they seem merely to add to the force of his contentions. As soon as we forget the particular homely truths that feel so clear and certain and allow our minds to dwell upon knowledge in general and in the abstract, only the most desperate and heroic hypothesis can save us from Hume's doubts.

There are various ways by which we may be led to scepticism. Let us consider, as an illustration, one of the simplest, namely, that which proceeds by criticism of memory. Almost all our knowledge depends, in a greater or less degree, upon some form of memory; the above instance, of knowing one's name and address, obviously depends on memory, though it may be that form of memory which is habit. But the more we consider memory, the less reason there seems to be for trusting it. Not only do such tests as we can apply tend to show that it is often at fault, but the tests themselves are indirect and inconclusive. We cannot make a past event happen again, so as to compare it with our recollection. The recollection happens in the present, and is separated by an impassable temporal gulf from what we are recollecting. Suppose the world had been created five minutes ago, exactly as it was at that moment. The people in it would have been created with minds stuffed full of memories, and the future would provide whatever indirect verification is possible in regard to the past. We should remember our childhood and youth, and the public events belonging to those times, yet not one single item in all our reminiscences would have the minutest vestige of truth. We can only combat this possibility by bringing up arguments to show that it is for some reason improbable. This will entangle us in the meshes of probability, a subject so obscure that all our opinions about it are *probably* false. Even if we arbitrarily decide that the hypothesis of a recent creation is to be rejected as fantastic, we shall still find that, since some memories are mistaken by ordinary standards, nothing better than probability can be urged in favour of any particular recollection, and then only by assuming highly questionable causal laws, as to how

past events have operated upon the nervous tissue, and how changes in the nervous tissue produce mental habits. The longer we struggle in this mire, the deeper we shall sink, and the harder it will become to regain the firm ground of common sense.

Philosophical systems are the convulsive struggles of those who have ventured into the mire of metaphysical doubt. The system advocated by Professor Lossky has the usual merits and defects: ingenuity, subtlety, learning, careful reasoning as regards the superstructure, and complete groundlessness in the fundamental assumptions. The systems of the pre-Kantian rationalists and empiricists, and even the Kantian Critical Philosophy, all suffer, according to him, from the same defect: they made too sharp a separation between self and not-self, and conceived all contents of consciousness as subjective mental states of the knowing individual. As against the view which distinguishes between our knowing and what we know, Professor Lossky contends that what we know actually exists in our knowing. In his view, which he calls the "intuitional theory,"

Knowledge is neither a copy, nor a symbol, nor a phenomenal appearance of the real world in the knowing subject, but is *reality itself*, life itself, which has simply become differentiated by means of comparison. The antithesis between knowledge and existence is thus removed, without in any way detracting from the rights of existence . . . The reconciliation is reached through the contention that knowing which is an existence contains within it as an element an existence which is not knowledge.

According to this view, when we remember, the past event exists as part of the remembering; in astronomy, the stars and planets exist as part of our knowledge of them. There are obvious difficulties in such a view, but they are met by the doctrine of the unreality of space and time, and by a footnote telling us to seek their solution elsewhere:

The question as to how the past and the future—and, in general, that which cannot be apprehended sensuously—may be actually given in acts of knowledge is a question for ontology to answer.

But Ontology, unfortunately, is a subject which the present volume does not profess to discuss.

The chief reason advanced in favour of the view advocated is that otherwise knowledge would be impossible. This argument is not one to appeal to the sceptic. If he is to be answered, it must be by a theory which does not make a premiss of the assumption that he is mistaken.

Such criticisms, however, apply rather to all professional academic philosophy than specially to the work of Professor Lossky. Within the tradition to which his theory belongs, his book has much merit, not only in the critical part, but also in some of the constructive chapters, notably Chapter VIII., on "The Universal and the Individual." There is, as Professor Dawes Hicks points out, a considerable affinity to Mr. Bradley. Those who look for a Russian flavour will be disappointed: the book might have been written in any country by an author who had come under the influence of Kant and post-Kantian idealism. But the book is none the worse on that account: there is nothing national about truth, and there ought to be nothing national about philosophy.

B. R.

THE RIGHT HON. J. M. ROBERTSON has a book in the press with Messrs. George Allen & Unwin entitled "The Problem of Hamlet," in which all the leading theories of the character of Hamlet down to the latest German are reviewed. The book forms one of a series of volumes projected by Mr. Robertson on "The Canon of Shakespeare," dealing with the problems coming under that title.

PASSIONATE PACIFISM

WAR AND THE CREATIVE IMPULSE. By Max Plowman. (Headley Bros. 2s. net.)

MR. PLOWMAN, who is concerned to rescue pacifism from the charge of slackness and sterility, has a very easy task in demolishing the trivial nonsense of contemporary journalism. Writing before the war, Mr. Wells described the mania for bloated armaments as "mere funk" and certainly he wrote with justice. The timorous "white-rabbit" of the jingo cartoonist is in reality the very perfect symbol of the aggressive militarist, whose life is spent in an agony of apprehension, whose fears exceed even his greed, whose only heaven is a paradise of ubiquitous bayonets and "material guarantees." That people who have no faith in anything but bigger and still bigger battalions should round on those who actually believe in honour and in human nature and abuse them as cowards is of course mere impertinence and Mr. Plowman has no difficulty in showing up this particularly stupid form of pompous insolence. But, having destroyed this bogey of the militarist, he proceeds to create a bogey of his own, the bloodless, lifeless recluse, and to criticise the pacifism of the Quakers as a negative and colourless faith. His comments are quite unjustified for, whatever the quality of nineteenth-century Quakerism, the younger members of the Society of Friends are certainly not bound by a narrow, ancestral tradition or attached "to a mental and ascetic creed which has little or no pleasure in the senses and therefore pays small heed to their witness for truth." Nor do young Friends "solve the problem of passion by simply casting it to the devil." The creative impulse, the liberation of passionate effort in the cause of peaceful construction, for which Mr. Plowman calls, are as often and as genuinely praised in a Friends' Meeting as he could desire. The trouble is that the word "passion" seems to have an intoxicating effect on Mr. Plowman. He writes so much good sense that it is tiresome to be for ever met with references to, and metaphors from, sexual function. Let us avoid by all means the vicious cant of prudery: but Anti-prude, be it remembered, is not incapable of cant.

Mr. Plowman is at his best in his discussion of discipline. He sees clearly the primary cause of so many modern discontents, the confusion of means with ends. Just as the State was built up as a guarantor of human welfare and became, when idolized, its destroyer, so discipline, plainly a necessary means to social ends, becomes the pest of society when made an end in itself. Mr. Plowman, who resigned his commission and faced a court-martial on conscientious grounds, writes feelingly on the martinet's creed of obedience for obedience's sake, and its negation of individuality. Duty and discipline are the pillars of society; but when, under the guidance of Lord Meath, they become a Movement, it is time they were put back in their place.

To rescue suffering humanity from deified abstraction^s and to substitute for the repression of commerce and the army the free creation of a peaceful, co-operative life is Mr. Plowman's ideal, and he expresses it forcibly and with complete sincerity. But occasionally the cumbrously evasive phraseology of Fleet Street creeps in, and surely it is not pedantic to object to the verb "enthuse." If Mr. Plowman thought shoddily, shoddy language would not jar; but both his life and his book proclaim an honesty and a conviction that are worthy of the fine literary tradition of English pamphleteering.

I. B.

FLOURISHETH IN STRANGE PLACES

LOVE LANE. By J. C. Snaith. (Collins. 7s. net.)

THE coloured wrapper to "Love Lane" depicts an elderly fat man in a yellow suit and a swollen white waistcoat. His felt hat is to one side, he wears white spats, a large bow-tie, and in the corner of his mouth, at an angle, flourishes a cigar. Thumbs in his armholes, away he swaggers from pretty Miss, who stands, blue-eyed, pale and golden-crowned, one lily hand raised, one lily hand clenched, looking after him with eyes of longing. And above them the title of the book, well-spaced and bold, hangs for a signboard.

Which of us, except in those last dread three minutes before the bookstall, when a man feels his mind dissolve as a wisp of smoke under the station roof and is as a little child in the hands of the braggart youth with a pencil behind his ear, would dream of inquiring any further? Which of us would not decide at a glance that "Love Lane" was one of those half-sentimental, half-humorous mixtures—the refreshing non-alcoholic summer novel *enfin*, and pass it by? A superficial examination of the plot would not tend to alter that opinion. Here is the self-made vulgar old man, half hero, half bully, who aspires to be mayor of Blackhampton, and his timid wife, weeping for the old simple times. They have three daughters: one a successfully married snob; the second, a poor creature who has quarrelled with her parents, having married beneath her; and Sally, the baby, struck out of the old man's will for joining the suffragettes and getting six weeks' hard. The husband of the second girl is that familiar figure in our recent fiction—a pathetic tradesman—a little self-effacing greengrocer, a failure. He can't get hold of business, somehow, but he can grow a rose to beat any man, and the sunset reminds him of the "Inferno by Dant with Lustrations by Door."

One can hardly imagine characters less promising, less original. Nevertheless they are the material that the artist has chosen and his success is the final justification of his choice. At the beginning we are shown these people, their interests and their lives, as all separate, scattered, and uncontrolled. They are puffed up or cast down, greedy, self-centred and vain—all except Amelia's husband, who is merely a shadow of a man with a vague suspicion that things might be different, and therefore a vague grudge against things as they are.

Then, quite suddenly, we are conscious of an immense, inconceivable ring of fire closing in upon them; they are bathed in one terrible light, and William Hollis marches off towards it—out of his little misery in the shop in Love Lane into the anguish of his first experience.

In our youth we were taught that pain was not only a kind of necessary gymnastic exercise set us by the Lord—an immensely heavy dumbbell to be lifted in His sight as a proof of what we could still stagger but not fall under—we were assured that we could not possibly appreciate the value of anything unless it had been first all but taken away from us. Nowadays we are inclined to believe that it is neither pain nor happiness that heightens the value of life; it is rather the sense of danger, common to them both—danger which strips us of our false acquired security and demands of us that we shall take the risk.

William Hollis, before the war, had no particular desire to live, and the agonizing misery of life in the trenches—incredible as it might seem to our aged pastors and masters—did not awaken any new desire in him. But the feeling that any moment might be his last unlocked his lips. He made a friend, a man who came from his part of the country, an artist, who understood his fumbling speech, said for him what he wanted to say—taught him

to see clearly what he vaguely glimpsed. The artist died, but William Hollis went on living not only his new free life, but the life of his dead friend as well. He came home, and a wonderful late-flowering love blossomed for him and his wife. Then he was seriously wounded and the chance offered for him to leave the army and settle down with his woman. But he would not take it. For some unaccountable reason that she never understood, he decided to go back and die among the men with whom he had learned to live. What he had learned out there had been so marvellous to him, it had given such value to life, that he could not, without betraying himself, submit to anything less wonderful.

While this great miracle has been happening to William Hollis lesser changes, but changes no less wonderful, have happened to the others. They, too, have become human beings, but human beings ennobled.

But they are all grouped round the central figure, and upon him the author has brought all his power of understanding to bear. He has created an extraordinarily poignant character.

K. M.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

THE most important book-sale in the coming week is a selection of the 16th- and 17th-century works on voyages, travels, and contemporary foreign history from the famous Britwell Library. There are amongst the 897 lots offered a great number of rarities and one Wynkin de Worde, believed to be the only copy in existence. There are also several fine bindings with armorial stamps, among them books bound for Henry IV. of France, Lord Wotton, Chancellor Clarendon (a beautiful piece of English work) and others. First editions of Churchyard, Coryat, Lithgow, Daunce, Hakluyt, and such like writers abound. A special feature of the sale is the number of the small tracts which preceded and foreshadowed the coming of the news-sheet.

Amateurs of fine printing will look forward to the sale of the Kelmscott and Doves Press books on July 7. An almost complete set of Kelmscott books on vellum (with the exception of the "Earthly Paradise" and the "Chaucer") from the collection of Mr. Fairfax Murray will be offered in one lot before dispersal. The "Chaucer" on vellum with other presentation books inscribed by Morris to Burne-Jones will be sold on the same day, together with some original designs for the Press by Morris. An almost complete collection of the Vale Press books (87 vols.) will be sold in one lot, and another consists of 17 vols. of the rarer productions of the Eragry Press. The last lot in the sale is the rare Eragry "Ruth." These volumes ought to rise in value with the growing appreciation of Mr. Pissarro's artistic work. The sale begins with a number of literary rarities: Crabb Robinson's copy of Blake's Songs of Innocence and of Experience, first editions of Browning, Herrick's "Hesperides," Keats's "Endymion," Landor's "Gebir" (Rossetti's copy with notes), Milton's "Poems" and "Paradise Lost," Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," Swinburne, and the "Lyrical Ballads." The autograph manuscripts of the "Earthly Paradise" and "Love is Enough" are also offered, together with some manuscript poems by Rossetti.

On the next day 85 out of the 87 original pencil drawings by Burne-Jones for the "Chaucer" will be sold in one lot, together with a fine collection of drawings, including Rossetti's "Golden Water" and good examples of the work of the best modern English artists.

The eighth portion of the Huth Library will be sold in the same week (July 8-11), and another selection of early printed books and manuscripts from Mr. Fairfax Murray's library will be sold on July 18.

MESSRS. PUTTICK & SIMPSON are selling on July 1-2 a miscellaneous collection of books and manuscripts which includes an English Horæ illuminated; several first editions of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley and others; some autograph MSS of Byron and Stevenson, Golding's Ovid, and Montaigne's "Essays."

Science THE SCIENTIFIC MIND

IT is quite common, in reading and in conversation, to find references to the "scientific mind," but it is difficult to ascertain precisely how this mental structure is supposed to differ from other sorts of mind. The difficulty of defining an object does not, perhaps, affect the probability of the existence of the object; although it is difficult for some people to refrain from concluding that because a man cannot define what he means he does not mean anything. We must suppose that there is some particular kind of mind called the scientific mind, in spite of the fact that the numerous references to it tell us little about it except that it is somewhat extensively disliked. So far as can be judged from a superficial comparison of different references, the "scientific mind" is characterized by an inordinate appetite for facts and an absence of generosity in drawing conclusions from facts. In ordinary times this absence of generosity is dismissed by most people as quibbling, while in time of war it becomes unpatriotic. During the war every Englishman was supposed to believe a great number of things on very slender evidence or even on no evidence. It was considered that a right patriotic feeling not only could, but should, supply the place of evidence and lead to correct conclusions. The majority of people in every class of the community found themselves able to adopt this method of thought without discomfort, and it became evident that the scientific mind is as rare amongst scientific men as amongst any other men, while those who could not give this supreme proof of patriotism were found pretty evenly distributed amongst the different classes. As a type of mind, therefore, it is not peculiar to scientific men nor do they all possess it. It cannot be regarded as a distinguishing mark of this class. But while a just, cautious temperament need not belong to the man of science as a human being, it might be thought that, as a mental habit, it is necessary to his work. There is much truth in this, although it is not wholly true. Alternative explanations are not always explored by scientists, and if, as sometimes happens, the alternative explanations are wrong, the scientific man may have reached a correct result although he worked in a partisan spirit.

But while the characteristics of what is popularly known as the scientific mind are not peculiar to scientific men, it is true that, in their actual scientific work, these characteristics have a greater survival value than they possess in almost any other kind of work. The extent to which mental habits may be local, confined to some only of a man's mental activities, has been made apparent by the war. The majority of men's minds are split up into watertight compartments in a way truly astonishing, and the various eloquent addresses on the moral value of scientific studies now make melancholy reading. We must assume of scientific men, as of any other class, that such qualities of fairness and deliberation as they exhibit in their work are imposed upon them as conditions of success, and are not, in general, the natural manifestations of an exceptionally delicate moral sensibility. If we adopt William James's classification of human beings into tender-minded and tough-minded the dividing line runs through the scientific camp as through any other. We see this most clearly in the case of mathematicians, for idealist or empiricist assumptions seem to be equally reconcilable with the results. Such sciences as physics and chemistry seem, at first glance, to be given over to the tough-minded; the official language, as it were, is the language of the tough-minded, but directly controversy arises on a point having philosophical bearings we see the dichotomy establish itself.

Nevertheless it remains true that while scientific men, as human beings, are of all sorts, they do exhibit, in their own work, a degree of mental honesty which is unusual. It is easy to see that this virtue, at any rate, has a strictly utilitarian basis. A scientific man is honest because he cannot succeed on any other terms in the long run. The experimental verification always looms ahead. He cannot, like the mystic who maintains his opinion in face of the world, take refuge in the deeper insight. His results are communicable and verifiable or they are not science. Philosophies may be constructed which no man can verify and no man can refute. Their authors may, with complete assurance, remain satisfied of their truth and lament the universal blindness of mankind, just as a poet may present a front of unconquerable self-esteem to the ignorant derision of the world. But the whole claim of science is that it is communicable and capable of verification. It is found, as a matter of experience, that results of this kind are not usually obtained unless a certain mental habit is first acquired. It is this mental habit which is usually called the scientific mind. Where it is the outcome of a natural predisposition it may be classed as a moral quality, and, as such, is not peculiar, to or widely distributed amongst, scientific men. But as a tool, as a kind of technique, it is of more obvious value and is more extensively employed in the sciences than in any other human activities. S.

SOCIETIES

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—June 19.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

Sir Martin Conway read a paper on Merovingian and Carolingian reliquaries. Leaving out of account the early reliquaries, which appeared to have been precious boxes turned from their original purpose and casually employed to hold relics, it was obvious that the type originated in a form derived from that of some fifth-century sarcophagi. This was simplified into the shape of a rectangular box with a lid of double slope and vertical ends with gables. The four-sloped top followed. The adjustment of a strap for safe portability led to the box assuming a taller and flatter form; and the concave ends arose to afford a convenient place for the suspension rings. The Celtic development whereby the whole took more or less the form of a roofed building was not an original motive of the design, but a fanciful alteration of an originally simpler outline. A reliquary was essentially not a house, but a tomb.

On the motion of Earl Ferrers, seconded by Dr. Philip Norman, the following resolution was carried unanimously:

"That this society expresses an earnest hope that Parliament will insert an amendment in the Housing Bill to safeguard the natural beauties, the architectural interest and the historical associations of our existing ancient buildings and their surroundings."

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—June 19.—Sir Arthur Evans, President, in the chair.

The society's medal was presented to M. Adrien Blanchet, Membre de l'Institut, in recognition of his contributions to numismatics, especially Roman, Gaulish, and mediæval.

The President delivered his annual address, in which he appealed for a more scientific classification of Greek mints than the arrangement—alphabetic within political areas—at present in use. He then read a paper entitled "Contributions to Cretan Numismatics," in which he discussed the coinage of Crete on the lines suggested in his address. His fine collection of Cretan coins was exhibited.

The result of the ballot for office-bearers for 1919-20 was announced, and the following were elected: President, Professor C. Oman; Vice-Presidents, Sir Arthur Evans and Sir Henry H. Howorth; Treasurer, Mr. Percy H. Webb; Secretaries, Mr. Allan and Lieut.-Colonel H. Walters Morrison; Foreign Secretary, Mr. George C. Brooke; Librarian, Dr. Oliver Codrington; members of the Council: Miss Helen Farquhar, Messrs. H. Garside, L. M. Hewlett, G. F. Hill, L. A. Lawrence, and Leopold G. P. Messenger, Rev. Edgar Rogers, Rev. E. A. Sydenham, Mr. H. W. Taffs, and Mr. F. A. Walters.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

MON. 30. Institution of Electrical Engineers, 6.—"The Oscillatory Valve Relay: a Thermionic Trigger Device," Captain L. B. Turner.

JULY.
WED., 2. Meteorological, 3.30.—Summer Meeting at Kew Observatory.

THURS., 3. British Academy, 5.30.—"Shakespeare and the Makers of Virginia," Sir A. W. Ward.

PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY

A SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY. By William C. McC. Lewis. 3 vols. Vol. I. KINETIC THEORY. Vol. II. THERMODYNAMICS. Vol. III. QUANTUM THEORY. (Longmans. Vols. I. and II., 15s. net each; Vol. III., 7s. 6d. net.)

PHYSICAL chemistry is the offspring, as it were, of the union of physics and chemistry. Its mixed character makes it very difficult to define; a glance at the contents of these three volumes suggests the definition that it is that science which concerns itself with the most interesting problems of chemistry and of physics. Recent work on the structure of the atom, X-rays and crystal structure, colloidal solutions, thermodynamics, Quantum theory and the distribution of energy in the spectrum, are all dealt with by this omnivorous science. It would be difficult to imagine any physical or chemical investigation which would not interest some physical chemist, and there are even branches of astronomy which are not viewed with indifferent eyes. This fading of boundary lines is precisely what we should expect; in fact, it is only when all boundary lines have vanished that the scientific vision will be completely justified. Already the more exact sciences are nibbling at biology, and there are symptoms of the birth of that interesting subject, physico-chemical biology. The inclusion of psychology will give rise to a fourfold monster, and perhaps by that time science will be "all ye know on earth and all ye need to know." In the meantime, physical chemistry is a good beginning.

Professor Lewis has conceived the ambitious design of presenting, in one work, the essentials of practically the whole subject. It is an ambitious design, for no man can hope to be an authority on the whole subject, and it is probably for that reason that we notice an occasional inconclusiveness on certain points. A large number of different formulæ and theories are given, often in the investigators' own words, and the reader is sometimes left, more or less, to take his choice. The method has obvious advantages, and if it drives the student to study the original memoirs it will have justified itself. It has the effect, however, of making the book less satisfactory as a text-book, although it gains value as a work of reference. It is probable that the book will be used chiefly as a work of reference, and that the student will prefer to gain his first knowledge of the subject from some more straightforward, if more partial, exposition.

The first volume treats practically all those problems to which the molecular theory of matter can be applied. In this method of attack the problem is worked out in terms of the actual mechanism of the phenomena concerned. The standard investigation on this method is, of course, the dynamical theory of gases, where the phenomena presented by the chaotic motions of an enormous number of very small bodies are investigated by statistical methods. The desire to form an actual picture of material processes is responsible for much fascinating and valuable work, of which the most interesting, in recent times, is that of the Braggs on crystal structure. It is now evident that the atomic hypothesis is something more than a mere handy way of thinking—that it does, in fact, give a picture of the actual constitution of bodies. But the atom itself is now considered to possess a very complicated structure, and the further investigation of the structure of matter along these lines encounters very great difficulties. A mathematical method has been devised, however, which can be applied to the elucidation of many problems without making assumptions about the actual mechanisms concerned. The celebrated instance is thermodynamics, and in his second volume Professor Lewis treats a number of

problems by this very general and elegant method. The first two volumes, therefore, are expositions of what may be called the classical methods of inquiry.

But there are a number of problems which cannot be treated satisfactorily by classical methods. The experimental determination of the distribution of energy amongst the wave-lengths in the spectrum is not only not accounted for by the classical dynamics, but is in direct contradiction to it. If we take a body radiating energy, and in a state of equilibrium, then, on the classical theory, the æther should take all the energy if the æther be regarded as continuous. If we imagine a number of corks in violent motion on the surface of a vessel of water, for instance, it is clear that the water will ultimately take up all the energy, and that the corks will come to rest. A condition of affairs where the corks continued to oscillate with undiminished vigour for ever is unthinkable. It can be shown that this tendency is general: that energy tends to pass to the shortest vibrations of which the whole system is capable. In the above example the energy ultimately becomes heat energy, *i.e.*, molecular motion. If the æther be considered to be continuous, it is clear that it will take up all the energy of a radiating body in equilibrium. Suppose, however, that the æther possesses a grained structure. A limit can be put on the "grainedness" of the æther from what we know of the length of light-waves (including X-rays) that it will support. It is found that in this case nearly all the energy in the spectrum should be confined to the region of extremely short wave-lengths. Only one-millionth of the total energy should be found in wave-lengths longer than one hundred-thousandth part of a centimetre. As a matter of fact, most of the energy is found by experiment to reside in the neighbourhood of wave-lengths one ten-thousandth of a centimetre in length. The theory breaks down completely.

It occurred to Planck that this difficulty could be overcome by assuming that energy was not radiated or absorbed by matter in a continuous manner, but only by jumps, as it were. The elements of matter which radiated or absorbed energy were called "resonators" by Planck. Their peculiarity is that energy must attain a certain finite value before they are able to radiate or absorb it. According to Planck, this "quantum" to which the resonator responds is a function of the vibration frequency; it is, in fact, proportional to it. Now the smaller the quantum the greater the probability that the resonator will possess one or more quanta. But the higher the frequency, *i.e.*, the shorter the wave-length, the greater the quantum, and the less the probability that the resonator will act. On this basis Planck deduces a formula for the energy distribution in the spectrum which corresponds very well with experiment. He has since modified his view to the extent of admitting that absorption may be continuous. His theory is really a theory of the properties of his hypothetical resonators. Einstein, however, considers that energy itself is atomic, a theory which is in line with certain speculations of Sir J. J. Thomson. The assumption that energy is atomic is a truly revolutionary procedure, and Planck himself has not yet gone so far. On the assumption of a true atomicity some very curious results are reached, including, as Poincaré showed, the atomicity of time. The Quantum theory has also been used by Bohr in his fascinating theory of the structure of the atom. The reader will find a number of applications of Quantum theory to problems in physical chemistry in this third volume, which is, from the novelty and power of the ideas developed, the most interesting of the three. The volumes are well produced, and form a useful addition to the series of "Text-Books of Physical Chemistry" edited by the late Sir William Ramsay.

Fine Arts

THE OTTOMAN AND THE WHATNOT

SUCH were the outlandish names of the two great clans that marched under the flag of the Antimacassar to the resounding periods of Mr. Podsnap's rhetoric. For all the appearance of leisure, for all the absence of hustle, those were strenuous days. Respectability and "the young person" were perpetually menaced by inveterate human nature, and were always or nearly always just being saved as by a miracle. But in the end it was the boast of the Victorians that they had established a system of taboos almost as complicated and as all-pervading as that of the Ojibbeways or the Waramunga. The Ottoman, which seated two so conveniently, was liable to prove a traitor, but what the Ottoman risked could be saved by the Whatnot, with Tennyson and John Greenleaf Whittier to counsel and assuage. One of the things they used to say in those days, quite loudly and distinctly, was: "Distance lends enchantment to the view." It seemed so appropriate at the frequent and admirably organized picnics that at last it was repeated too often, and the time came when, under pain of social degradation, it was forbidden to utter the hated words. But now that we are busy bringing back the Ottoman and the Whatnot from the garret and the servants' hall to the drawing-room, we may once more repeat the phrase with impunity, and indeed this article has no other purpose than to repeat once more (and with how new a relish!): "Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Also, with our passion for science and exact measurement, we shall wish to discover the exact distance at which enchantment begins. And this is easier than might be supposed; for anyone who has lived long enough will have noticed that a certain distance lends a violent disgust to the view—that as we recede there comes a period of oblivion and total unconsciousness, to be succeeded when consciousness returns by the ecstasy, the nature of which we are considering.

I, alas! can remember the time when the Ottoman and Whatnot still lingered in the drawing-rooms of the less fashionable and more conservative bourgeoisie; lingered despised, rejected, and merely awaiting their substitutes. I can remember the sham Chippendale and the sham old oak which replaced them. I can remember a still worse horror—a genuine modern style which as yet has no name, a period of black polished wood with spidery lines of conventional flowers incised in the wood and then gilt. These things must have belonged to the eighties—I think they went with the bustle; but as they are precisely at the distance where unconsciousness has set in, it is more difficult to me to write the history of this period than it would be to tell of the sequence of styles in the Tang dynasty. And now, having watched the Whatnot disappear, I have the privilege of watching its resurrection. I have passed from disgust, through total forgetfulness, into the joys of retrospection.

Now my belief is that none of these feelings have anything to do with our æsthetic reactions to the objects as works of art. The odd thing about either real or would-be works of art, that is to say, about any works made with something beyond a purely utilitarian aim—the odd thing is that they can either affect our æsthetic sensibilities or they can become symbols of a particular way of life. In this aspect they affect our historical imagination through our social emotions. That the historical images they conjure up in us are probably false has very little to do with it; the point is that they exist for us, and exist for most people, far more vividly and

poignantly than any possible æsthetic feelings. And somehow the works of each period come to stand for us as symbols of some particular and special aspect of life. A Limoges casket evokes the idea of a life of chivalrous adventure and romantic devotion; an Italian cassone gives one a life of intellectual ferment and Boccaccian freedom; before a Caffieri bronze or a Riesener bureau one imagines oneself an exquisite aristocrat proof against the deeper passions, and gifted with a sensuality so refined and a wit so ready that gallantry would be a sufficient occupation for a life-time. Whoever handling a Louis XV. tabatière reflected how few of the friends of its original owner ever washed, and how many of them were marked with small-pox? The fun of these historical evocations is precisely in what they leave out.

And in order that this process of selection and elimination may take place, precise and detailed knowledge must have faded from the collective memory, and the blurred but exquisite outlines of a generalization must have been established.

We have just got to this point with the Victorian epoch. It has just got its vague and generalized *Stimmung*. We think as we look at Leech's drawings, or sit in a bead-work chair, of a life which was the perfect flower of bourgeoisie. The aristocracy with their odd irregular ways, the Meredith heroines and heroes, are away in the background; the Victorian life is of the upper bourgeoisie. It is immensely leisured, untroubled by social problems, unblushingly sentimental, impenitently unintellectual, and devoted to sport. The women are exquisitely trained to their social functions; they respond unfailingly to every sentimental appeal; they are beautifully ill-informed, and yet yearning for instruction; they have adorable tempers and are ever so mildly mischievous. The men can afford, without fear of impish criticism, to flaunt their whiskers in the sea breeze, and to expatiate on their contempt for everything that is not correct.

Here, I suppose, is something like the outline of that generalized historical fancy that by now emanates so fragrantly from the marble inlaid tables and the bead-work screens of the period. How charming and how false it is, one sees at once when one reflects that we imagine the Victorians for ever playing croquet without ever losing their tempers.

It is evident, then, that we have just arrived at the point where our ignorance of life in the Victorian period is such as to allow the incurable optimism of memory to build a quite peculiar little earthly paradise out of the boredoms, the snobberies, the cruel repressions, the mean calculations and rapacious speculations of the mid-nineteenth century. Go a little later, and the imagination is hopelessly hampered by familiarity with the facts of life which the roseate mist has not yet begun to transmute. But let those of us who are hard at work collecting Victorian paper-weights, stuffed humming-birds and wax flowers reflect that our successors will be able to create quite as amusing and wonderful interiors out of the black wood cabinets and "æsthetic" crewel-work of the eighties. They will not be able to do this until they have constructed the appropriate social picture, the outlines of which we cannot dimly conceive. We have at this moment no inkling of the kind of lies they will invent about the eighties to amuse themselves; we only know that when the time comes the legend will have taken shape, and that, from that moment on, the objects of the time will have the property of emanation.

So far it has been unnecessary even to consider whether the objects of the Victorian period are works of art or not; all that is necessary is that they should have some margin of freedom from utility, some scope for the fancy of their creators. And the Victorian epoch is, I think, unusually rich in its capacity for emanation, for it was

the great period of *fancy work*. As the age-long traditions of craftsmanship and structural design, which had lingered on from the Middle Ages, finally faded out under the impact of the new industrialism, the amateur stepped in, his brain teeming with fancies. Craftsmanship was dead, the craftsman replaced either by the machine or by a purely servile and mechanical human being, a man without tradition, without ideas of his own, who was ready to accomplish whatever caprices the amateur or the artist might set him to. It was an age of invention and experiment, an age of wildly irresponsible frivolity, curiosity and sentimentality. To gratify sentiment, nature was opposed to the hampering conventions of art; to gratify fatuous curiosity, the most improbable and ill-suited materials conceivable were used. What they call in France *le style coco* is exactly expressive of this. A drawing of a pheasant is coloured by cutting up little pieces of real pheasant's feathers and sticking them on in the appropriate places. Realistic flowers are made out of shells glued together, or, with less of the pleasant shock of the unexpected, out of wax or spun glass. They experiment in colour, using the new results of chemistry boldly, greens from arsenic, magenta and maroons from coal-tar, with results sometimes happy, sometimes disastrous; but always we feel behind everything the capricious fancy of the amateur with his desire to contribute by some joke or conjuring trick to the social amenities. The general groundwork of design, so far as any tradition remains at all, is a kind of bastard baroque passing at times into a flimsy caricature of rococo, but almost always so overlaid and transfigured by the fancies of the amateur as to be hardly recognizable, and yet all, by now, so richly redolent of its social legend as to have become a genuine style.

There is reason enough, then, why we should amuse ourselves by collecting Victorian objects of art, or at least those of us who have the special social-historical sensibility highly developed. But so curiously intertwisted are our emotions that we are always apt to put a wrong label on them, and the label "beauty" comes curiously handy for almost any of the more spiritual and disinterested feelings. So our collector is likely enough to ask us to admire his objects, not for their social emanations, but for their intrinsic æsthetic merit, which, to tell the truth, is far more problematical. Certain it is that the use of material at this period seems to be less discriminating, and the sense of quality feebler, than at any previous period of the world's history, at all events since Roman times—Pompeii, by the by, was a thoroughly Victorian city. The sense of design was also chaotically free from all the limitations of purpose and material, and I doubt if it attained to that perfect abstract sense of harmony which might justify any disregard of those conditions. No, on the whole it will be better to recognize fully how endearing, how fancy-free, how richly evocative are the objects of the Victorian period than to trouble our heads about their æsthetic value.

The discovery of Victorian art is due to a few enterprising and original artists. In a future article I hope to show why it is to the artist rather than to the collector that we always owe such discoveries, and also why artists are of all people the most indifferent to the æsthetic value of the objects they recommend to our admiration.

ROGER FRY.

AT Christie's on June 13 two evening subjects in oil by Daubigny, 14½ ins. by 26 ins., were sold for £745 10s.; a drawing of Le Havre, 7 ins. by 10 ins., by Turner, for £367 10s. (Leggatt); a drawing by Birket Foster of the Falls of Tummel, 13½ ins. by 20 ins., for £210 (Banks); and a pastel by Edward Stott, 12 ins. by 11½ ins., for £105 (Sampson). Of the pictures, Messrs. Gooden and Fox purchased "On the Broads," by J. Stark, on panel, 16 ins. by 23½ ins., for £325 10s.; and Mr. Mitchell, "The Evening Hour," by Mr. Leader, 47 ins. by 61 ins. for £514 10s.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

THE LEICESTER GALLERIES. Paintings by Walter Bayes. "London in the Forties": Lithographs by Thomas Shotton Boys (1803-74).

THE BURLINGTON GALLERY. "The War on Land, Sea and in the Air." The Etchings of Jan Poortenaar.

THE ACKERMANN GALLERIES. Old Racing Paintings. "Idylls of Japan" by Miss Margaret Kees.

To some extent the art of Mr. Walter Bayes was discussed in THE ATHENÆUM of May 16, with reference to his picture "Pulvis et Umbra." His deliberation in planning shows itself here to be a constant practice and not only reserved, as it is so often by painters, for the larger canvases; his colour scheming is revealed in many a varied modulation, and one may see here how often Mr. Bayes can produce full, strong and sometimes unexpected effects, yet never touch a jarring note. The danger of this very conscious planning is that if it becomes too palpable it is apt to produce boredom in the spectator, and sometimes Mr. Bayes halts dangerously near to the edge—sometimes, but not often. Usually he plays his composition and his colour with able counterpoint; the unexpected in such pictures as "The White Parasol" (7) and "Waterside Workshops" (13) at first startles and then, as one perceives the subtlety of planning, pleases. His colour justifies itself in the daring success of "Ponte e calla della lavandaja" (37), while in "A Hot Evening" (45), still using vigorous colour, he achieves a remarkable effect of melancholy and languor by his harmonic progressions. The spirit of Mr. Bayes, himself a critic, and therefore self-conscious, is excellently healthy for Art at its present stage of development. He combines constructive thought with conservatism in the best possible way. The present exhibition is an appreciable advance upon his exhibition of last year.

Thomas Shotton Boys is a topographical draughtsman. Essentially he is a substitute for the camera in the hands of a man of taste. As a draughtsman, he possesses great subtlety of touch and great accuracy of delineation, yet scarcely any of his pictures of old London move one to the desire of possession. One lingers over them as one lingers for an old tale. His pictures tell the story of London in the forties, but they do not whisper of Mr. Boys himself.

If the War on the Sea was as dull as Mr. Spence's pictures, it must have been a dreary affair indeed; and, as a rule, artists who use titles such as "A Tall Ship and a Star to Steer by" (14) or "Sink, Sink, Red Sun" (54), provide their own criticism. Captain Turner is a little more exciting, but he is full of the tricks of the journalistic artist. Lieut. Meredith Williams genuinely struggles to find expression for his subject and beauty in what is to be expressed. His "Sentry, Calonne" (26), and "The Ration Party" (27), do both try to describe the dreariness, which becomes interesting by being so understood. He looks for simplicity and design, and often is quite successful. One does not feel any white heat of passion in him, but he is quite a capable painter and should, if he does not fall into a habit of copying himself, do good work in the future.

Mr. Jan Poortenaar has an etching, "The Old Cab-Horse" (25), which is so far ahead of his other work, that one can only suppose that he saw this subject one night, and was so impressed that he rushed home and transferred it to his plate while it still vibrated in his memory. The other subjects make me think of the man who could draw "The Old Cab-Horse" wandering round looking for a subject; the will to create without the inspiration.

The sixteen paintings by J. N. Sartorius (1755-1826) and two by Ben Marshall (1767-1836) are very interesting and excellently preserved. Sartorius is a primitive, and like a primitive, he achieves quality and expression through sheer love. Ben Marshall, much more conscious, more capable, more artistic, fails to impress by the side of his simpler rival.

To criticize Miss Kees were to break a butterfly on the wheel. She is capable of doing what she sets out to do, which is more than can be said of many.

J. G.

MURRAY MARKS AND HIS FRIENDS. By Dr. G. C. Williamson. Illustrated. (John Lane, 12s. 6d. net.)—The controversy over the wax bust, believed to be the work of Leonardo da Vinci and partially restored in the 19th century, is almost forgotten now. Yet ten years ago it made a stir in the newspapers, the German experts and officials supporting Dr. Bode in his belief in the genuineness of the bust, while the English press contended that it was entirely the work of the Victorian modeller, Lucas. The discoverer of the bust had been Murray Marks, the well-known dealer and authority on the subject, and the author, with Dr. Bode, of the standard work on Renaissance bronzes. To his dying day he believed that it was genuine, and never ceased to deplore the fact that most of those who wrote about the bust had never seen it; he always claimed that a sight of it was convincing to anyone with expert knowledge. Marks's attitude to this question was typical of the position he held throughout his life. He was always the silent man in the background, the friend of artists and collectors, the man on whose judgment the wise could rely, the dealer whom everyone trusted. Success as an expert depends largely on memory; Murray Marks, when confronted with an object, always recollected where he had seen things like it before. He was always ready to make presents, but he knew that expert knowledge was a very profitable possession.

There are technical difficulties in writing a biography of someone who was always "behind"—and so unobtrusively behind as Murray Marks, and more experienced biographers than Dr. Williamson might have failed in it. Even at the end of the book, Marks is still an indistinct figure whom we vaguely know to have been a friend of Schopenhauer as well as of Whistler and Rossetti, and to have been one of the first to introduce blue and white Nankin china into England. He was always doing odd jobs for Rossetti, as well as finding fresh blue and white pots for him. Rossetti's bath was leaking, did Marks know of a good plumber? his hot plate was broken, had Marks ever seen any? Rossetti also got Marks to attend auctions for him; letters show the painter to have had shrewd ideas of the way the price of his pictures might be put up by judicious manipulation. "If 'The Annunciation' draws few or no bids it must in any case be run up to £200." . . . "If you would attend the sale and judge whether it [the water-colour of Lucrezia Borgia] is likely to go up in price beyond the reserve, I should like you to bid on my behalf (*i.e.* in your own name) up to £150 . . . Only if you saw a likely man (like Agnew for instance) going in for it you might bid against him *so far as it seemed safe to do so.*" As biography, Dr. Williamson's book is scrappy and inconsequent, but it is very entertaining.

NOTES ON ART SALES

Messrs. Christie's sale on June 20 realised £70,000 for 150 lots, which were largely portraits from the collections of the Earl of Home, Lord Vernon, Captain Watts-Russell and Colonel Henry Lowther and Mr. Lancelot Christopher Lowther. They included pictures from the "Clarendon Gallery of Portraits." There were five Romneys, the highest bid being made by Mr. Amor for the large "Warren Family," 6,600 guineas; Messrs. Knoedler paid 12,200 guineas for the two portraits of Mrs. Lowther (*nee* Codrington) exhibited in 1900 at the Grafton Galleries; and Messrs. Agnew purchased the portraits of the Hon. Charles Francis Greville and Charles, third Duke of Richmond, for 1,800 and 680 guineas respectively. Hoppner's portrait of Georgiana, Lady Vernon, was sold for £2,730; Jamesone's Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden for £1,102 10s.; and Reynolds's portrait of Dr. Johnson, painted for Canon Taylor of Ashbourne, for £840 (Agnew). Raeburn's portrait of Sir Walter Scott (1822) was bought for £1,522 10s. by Mrs. Aitken Dott, of Edinburgh; and the same artist's Archibald Skirving, Esq., was sold for £894 10s. Gainsborough's Dr. Haviland fetched £714, and George Venable's second Lord Vernon £997 10s. three other Gainsborough portraits going for £341 5s. Thirteen of Van Dyck's portraits realised £3,855 12s.; twenty-two by Sir P. Lely totalled £3,296; and four Kneller's £102 18s. A portrait of Mrs. Hargreave by F. Cotes fetched £1,071; Beechey's Lady Owen £472 10s., and a portrait of a gentleman by Allan Ramsay, 49ins. by 39ins. £504. A Lake Scene by Cuypp was bought by Messrs. Colnaghi & Obach for £1,029, and "The Lovers," by Bouchir, by Messrs. Parsons for £588.

Music ENGLISH SONGS

II.

A SONG, I said last week, should be the simultaneous presentation of the same emotion in two media, speech and music. This may at first appear to be inconsistent with the principle which underlies all musical expression, namely, that music expresses not the same emotions as can be expressed in speech, but precisely those which words are unable to express. A song therefore may be said to express two aspects of the same emotion. For our emotions are in all cases complex things. We may describe an emotion by a single word, but it can be analysed into a number of mental states, as a chord can be analysed into a number of notes, and each note into a number of harmonic partial tones. The poet selects from the sum of these such ingredients as suit his purpose, and there will doubtless remain still a large range of selection for the musician. I am assuming for the moment the view that poetry and music are both means of self-expression by which the poet and the composer convey to others that abnormally intensified experience which they as artists have the peculiar gift of receiving and communicating.

There is another view of art, or another aspect of the artist's function. It may be said that it is the function of the artist to create beautiful things, significant forms. If both poet and composer start from the same point of experience, they may in this sense each create their thing of beauty, their significant form. The problem of the song-writer is to make the form of the music harmonize with the form of the poem. To achieve this by immediate creation it seems necessary that the poet and the composer should be one and the same person. It must therefore be conceded that if, as in most cases, the musician does not conceive the idea of a song until he has read a poem written by another's hand, the musician must inevitably be the one to adapt his significant form to that of the other, and this naturally leads to the probability of the musician's being further stimulated by the consideration of the poem as a significant form in itself. That must no doubt be classed as what I have called "the secondary emotion which the poem as a work of art has awakened in him."

But this secondary emotion is again a complex one. A distinction must be drawn between the formal aspect of a poem and its associational content. It is precisely the quality of form in a poem that causes it to approximate to music. Thus Walter Headlam pointed out long ago that Greek lyric poetry had much the same sense of formal construction as the symphonies of Beethoven, and it might well be inferred from that that a large proportion of the musical faculty, in the minds of the ancient Greeks, found its expression not in what we now describe as music, but in what we class in the category of poetry. On the other hand, a preoccupation with the associational content may easily lead a composer so far astray that he forgets altogether the fundamental emotion of the poet. Elizabethan verse tempts him naturally to what is called an "old English" flavour in melody or harmony, just as translations from the Chinese may tempt him with local colour of a different kind, and at the end of the song we may discover that so much energy has been wasted on mere dressing-up that there has been none left for the vital purposes of musical expression.

A song should be a thing to sing. It is the voice that must trace the main outlines of the musical design. The chief reason why we often find the vocal music of three hundred years ago difficult to understand is that we have

to a large extent lost the habit of viewing music from a vocal standpoint. Monteverdi interests us mainly for his harmonic audacities, Lawes for his declamation. We should enter better into the spirit of both if we concentrated our minds more upon their vocal line and regarded both their diction and their harmony as subsidiary. Even at moments when a harmonic change seems at first sight to be all-important, it will generally be found that the voice part would be quite well able to sustain the emotional interest without any accompaniment at all. There are very few modern songs of which this could be said. It would be absurd to repudiate all the assistance which the pianoforte can give in the expression of a musical idea; but composers often fail to realize that, however important may be the part which the instrument has to play, the voice must always be the predominant partner. This is true even in the case of what are classed as "atmospheric" songs. To take a yet more extreme instance: there are in our language poems which depend for their emotional effect not on what they say, but on what they refrain from saying. It is characteristic of our English temperament to leave our profoundest feelings unexpressed. A composer who should take a poem of this type and attempt to express its half-choked emotion by setting its broken words to violently passionate melody would only make us blush. It is conceivable, however, that he might adopt the principles laid down by Rousseau, and, while maintaining the reticence of the poem in the singer's part, transfer the suppressed emotions to the pianoforte. Yet even then it still remains indispensable that the voice part, however fragmentary in appearance, should none the less give the clue to the formal design of the music.

In the vast majority of songs, the main musical interest will obviously centre in the voice; but it is seldom that composers are able to sustain it throughout. Most composers of to-day are not singers but pianists. They may think they have done their duty by the singer in giving him a bit of a tune and a high note; but when a moment of real emotional intensity arrives, they forget all about the singer in the excitement of playing the pianoforte. Now just as it is the inevitable tendency of a pianist to increase speed in rising to a climax, so it is the singer's natural inclination to do the opposite. The result of this conflict of interests will depend, for any given performance, on whether the song be accompanied, or not, by the composer himself. It is a result which in either case is disastrous, and might quite easily be avoided if the composer had the instincts of a singer and the technical skill to contrive a *crescendo* which should satisfy both parties. It is not a question of writing music that is easy to sing, easy, that is, for stupid or lazy singers. A good singer will only be put on his mettle by technical difficulties, so long as he can feel that he never has a note to sing which is not actually expressing something. The greatest difficulty with all singers is to induce them to take the responsibility of maintaining the rhythm of a song. It is so much easier to let the pianist look after the rhythm while the singer splashes on the "emotion."

A song must have its own musical form. This is too technical a matter for detailed discussion here. The possibilities of musical design are infinite, ranging from the type of song in which the words themselves seem to have been written to a tune to the *vers libre* poem set to an "atmospheric" accompaniment. Each presents its own problems. In the first case the composer may discover the tune, or the sort of tune, that was running in the poet's head, but he will find that to give it atmosphere is a much more difficult matter. With "atmospheric" songs the difficulty is to achieve natural diction coupled with a real sense of musical design. Tonality may be thrown overboard; after all, tonality is a comparatively

modern institution. Melody may experiment in strange scales, harmony in fantastic colours; but there is one thing without which music is impossible—design; and it is always to the voice that the direction of the design must be entrusted.

EDWARD J. DENT.

SERBIAN FOLK - SONG.—To those who care for folk-song, the lecture given by Mr. R. J. C. Chanter, at the University of London Club, on June 16, was of uncommon interest, for so far as this country is concerned, at any rate, Serbia is musically virgin soil. The lecturer's military service in Salonica brought him into frequent contact with wounded Serbian soldiers, and it was from them that the songs were obtained—not without some persuasion, as was only to be expected: all folk-song collectors know the difficulty of finding your subject, and when you have found him, of getting him to sing. There is no questioning the genuineness of Mr. Chanter's find; the examples sung on the 16th were unmistakably folk-music, and in the main much what on a *priori* grounds one would have expected Serbian folk-music to be. Take the melancholy inherent in the Slav character, and add to it the peculiar gloom that is born of racial oppression, and you have the keynote to the Serbian song—a haunting despondent beauty that has little in common with the sad simplicity of our old English song; even their happy songs are shot with a sense, as it were, of something fugitive and incidental, the smile that is more akin to sorrow than to mirth. This is not the proper occasion to enter into a technical discussion, but it may not be out of place to remark that many of the songs sung as illustrations showed a fine instinct for form and a sense of climax, that they contain examples of five-four as well as the more common three-four and four-four measures (in one instance—a magnificent students' song—a three-four verse alternates with a four-four refrain), and finally that a great many of them are modal, and exemplify, in addition to the commoner modes, the peculiar scale (Æolian with a sharpened fourth) that is met with in South-Eastern Europe and has afforded Russian composers a ready means of securing "oriental" colouring.

SHAKESPEARE AND CHILDREN.—At the Old Vic. one afternoon we were annoyed to find the theatre packed with school-children, and were inclined to come away. When we had heard those children sing, and laugh at or applaud things in "The Tempest" that a grown-up audience would never have noticed, we changed our mind—we had realized the immense educational value of the L.C.C.'s attempt to teach children Shakespeare. On June 19, at the Woolwich Hippodrome, the boys and girls from seven schools played, sang, and danced Shakespeare. There was, of course, much to criticize, if one forgot that the performance was not only by but for children, who would not perceive the occasional awkwardness and bashfulness. But even the grotesque classical garb in which the schoolboy choir were arrayed faded from view in the magic evoked by their sweet singing. And the romance of the Forest of Arden and "a wood near Athens" was never captured more completely than by those little dots of fairies dancing with the momentum of childhood. Most of the adult applause went to clever players who had assimilated the aplomb and mannerisms of the professional stage. But the children in the audience liked best the unsophisticated spirit of fun, and saw chiefly the comic side of Caliban. Our own comment is on the precocity of the girls. Actresses are born; actors have to be made. The quick understanding, the spontaneous interpretation of Shakespeare shown by the girls, and their clear and unaffected rendering of his lines, inspire hope for the theatre in the coming age.

The *Revue Bleue* of June 14 publishes six lettres inédites of Charles Gounod dating from July 26, 1852, to March 15, 1869. They throw an interesting light on his collaboration with Scribe in the opera "La Nonne Sanglante"; the letters to Reyer à propos of the latter's candidature for the post of musical critic to the *Débats* show that Gounod was ready to do what he could to help a friend. They contain no startling revelations and appear to owe their present publication to the fact that Gounod's centenary occurring, as it did, during the war, did not receive the attention that would otherwise have been accorded to it.

CONCERTS

MR. JOHNSTONE-DOUGLAS, who gave a vocal recital on June 13, is quite one of the most interesting singers we have heard lately. His voice is nothing out of the common, and on the day of his concert he seemed to be suffering from a slight hoarseness, yet his singing gave one an unusual degree of pleasure; it is sensitive, alert, and restrained, and his diction is noticeably good. His programmes show a fastidious taste, and he is not afraid to choose songs that depend on sheer singing power for a successful performance.

MISS KATIE GOLDSMITH is a young performer of precocious talent. Her orchestral concert on June 14 was chiefly interesting for a performance of Hamilton Harty's violin concerto. There is so much to like in that work that one regrets his choice of the concerto form. What Mr. Harty likes writing, and writes well, is a good square tune; the embroideries of a concerto seem foreign to his temperament, and his natural vigour and swing lose themselves in the complexities of development. Something akin to the suite would suit him better.

MISS ETHEL BARNES gave a concert of her own compositions on June 16. She does not survive such an ordeal: her themes lack clarity and distinction, and neither her longer nor her shorter works show any compensating ingenuity in the treatment of them. A sense of rhythm is above all what she lacks.

THE artists at the London Chamber Concert Society's fourth concert on June 17 were the Allied String Quartet and Mr. Herbert Fryer, and the most noticeable feature a very fine performance of Debussy's Quartet. But the first movement was taken rather too fast: rhythmically it lost more than it gained, and the effect of extreme conciseness, delightful in itself, rather upset the balance of the work as a whole.

MR. GEORGE FERGUSON'S song recital on June 18 was at once a pleasure and a disappointment. There is something strained about his voice production, and never once did one feel that one was hearing his natural tones. It was a pity, for he is an artistic singer, chooses his programme well, and has that indefinable knack of getting on terms with his audience.

M. GEORGES PITSCH, who gave a recital on June 18, is an admirable 'cellist, with a notably full and beautiful tone; but his programme, though commendably enterprising, proved disappointing in the performance. Of the items heard for the first time, Chausson's "*Pièce*" shows the Franck influence too strongly to be thoroughly characteristic, whilst Vreul's new "*Poème*," though serious and workmanlike, is rather dull. And it is a mistake to include in a single afternoon two such barefaced pieces of posturing as Debussy's Sonata and Goossens's Rhapsody.

ZOIA ROSOWSKY'S recital on June 20 was chiefly interesting as giving an excerpt from Ravel's unfamiliar "*L'Heure Espagnole*." The spiritual adventures of the lady and her various lovers are rather complicated and hard to disentangle without knowing the full text, but she evidently found life disappointing, poor thing, and one could offer her all the sympathy that is born of imperfect understanding. Of course the piece is a *jeu d'esprit*, a *tour de force*, and all the rest of it, of the very first water; but it is affectation to pretend that one does not enjoy it, for one does—enormously.

GRATITUDE is due to the Philharmonic String Quartet for withdrawing the Rossini quartet promised for June 21, and giving us instead another hearing of Elgar's new quartet. The Rossini would have been interesting to hear as a curiosity, but the Elgar is a supremely beautiful work. In the first two movements a simplicity of texture and a subtle intensity of feeling are combined with a strange magnetic power; it is as though the composer had penetrated some of the secrets of the late Beethoven quartets. The finale is more in his earlier manner, but it is a very fine example of that manner, and well rounds off a composition of outstanding beauty and sincerity. A remarkable feature of the concert was the good behaviour of the audience: the rain apparently kept away the chattering barbarians who for the last three months have contrived to make almost every London concert intolerable.

Drama

METHODS OF ACTING

I.

IT is easiest to begin the argument with the vague and platitudinous suggestion that the business of all theatrical performances (as indeed, of all other works of art) is to stir up some kinds of feelings in the spectator. There are a great number of different methods of setting about this business. It may, in the more abstract forms of ballet and dancing, for instance, be done simply by the rhythmic movement of shapes and colours; it may be done by an appeal from an undisguised author to the political interests of his audience; it may be done by a string of indecent jokes from an equally undisguised performer. But most theatrical performances, in contrast to these, produce their effect by creating an "illusion" in the spectator's mind—and such an illusion is usually created by means of the sort of behaviour that we describe as "acting." The actor's object is to cause in the audience a false belief as to the nature of his successive states of mind and consequently of his individuality in general, (though it must be added that this false belief is of a peculiar kind, which seems to affect only a part of the spectator's consciousness and to be accompanied regularly by a simultaneous contradictory true belief). In this way the spectator may be tricked into experiencing the feelings which would be suitable if the actor were what he pretends to be, or feelings resembling these—for they will always be affected by the fact that in some region of the mind there is an explicit recognition of the fraud.

The methods employed for building up the illusion may be divided into two classes, which obviously merge into one another, the stylistic and the naturalistic. The most pronounced example of the former method is perhaps the Javanese puppet-play, while at the other extreme may be placed the recent "little theatre" productions of the directors of the Moscow Art Theatre, in which they have obliterated almost the last traces of the unnatural conditions (such as the need for forcing the voice) which lingered in their large theatre. Between these may be arranged the innumerable other styles of acting—Greek tragedy, M. Massine's new form of *ballet d'action*, the Comédie tradition of Molière, Wagner's productions of his own operas. The particular style of acting adopted is usually predetermined by outside circumstances, such as the nature of the play or the conventions of the moment; and the various styles may differ from one another entirely in the character of the æsthetic effects that they seek to produce. But they are all alike (in virtue of the very fact that they are "acting") in possessing as an essential element the creation of the illusion of character: this is required both in the dragon-killing Tsaryevich of the "Children's Tales" and in the head clerk of Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice," in the reticences of a cotton operative from Manchester no less than in the jerkings of a marionnette from Chelsea.

There is, however, another possible classification of acting, which may at first seem to be the same as this stylistic-naturalistic division, but which will be found actually to cut across it. Acting may be classified as "external" or "internal," according as the actor attempts to reproduce the expression of an emotion or the emotion itself. (The truth of the James-Lange theory that the emotion actually *is* its expression would not, I think, invalidate what follows, though it would necessitate a much more elaborate restatement). It would seem as though theoretically an actor, by going through the exact external movements usually associated with an emotion, would give the audience an illusion that he was actually

having it. In practice it is evident that the multiplicity and subtlety of the movements is so great that no actor's technique would ever enable him to produce them in this external manner. The possibility then arises that some selection of movements, carefully made, might be sufficient to suggest to the audience the necessary illusion. The selection could be made along either of the two lines of the previous classification of acting; it could be conventional and even symbolic (as in different kinds of pantomime) or it could be naturalistic. The great example of the latter is the astounding Del Sarte System, which, basing itself upon a fantastic metaphysic, lays down exactly what movements are the "natural" expression of each of the human emotions. The Del Sarte System, which was developed in the middle of last century, is probably the crystallization rather than the cause of the lamentable behaviour of actors upon the academic stages of the whole world; but grotesque as it is its power is unshaken, and it still, to take an instance, forms part of the curriculum of the Academy of Dramatic Art. There are two objections to be made against such a system of action. In the first place, the selection of movements is extremely bad, and, although the illusion may be successfully accomplished and the audience may interpret the movements as being the expression of an emotion, the emotions suggested are either "real" emotions of a common-place or sentimental sort or else specifically stage emotions which do not occur in actual life. But apart from this there is a more important objection which would seem to apply against even the most successful system based on the mere objective performance of a selection of movements. The subtlety and multiplicity of the movements which express our emotions are, as we have seen, the great obstacles to the "external" actor, who proposes to create an illusion by reproducing merely the expression of an emotion. To make a selection will help to get over one difficulty, but the other remains. And the subtlety of our expressive movements is not merely difficult to reproduce objectively but it is their most essential quality. The single example of Petroushka will remind one of this truth and also of the fact that it applies universally—to conventional as much as to naturalistic acting. The movements of Petroushka are within very narrow limits externally determined; they are fixed moreover not only with the usual choreographic severity but with the particular woodenness suitable to a puppet. Yet to see one performer and another going through these movements is to have two experiences whose similarity can hardly be recognized. The difference, of course, so far as the audience are concerned is entirely determined by differences in the performers' movements; but the point is that these differences are too small to be affected by any direct control by the performer over his external behaviour. They must be approached by some indirect route.

J. S.

(To be concluded.)

THE two French newspapers *Femina* and *La Vie Heureuse* have offered a prize of 1,000 francs for the best recent English work of imagination. The prize will be awarded by a committee of English women of letters consisting of Miss Ella D'Arcy, Miss Ashton, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Lady Fisher Dilke, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Mrs. Hinkson, Mrs. Violet Hunt Hueffer, Mrs. John Lane, Mrs. Stuart Moore, Lady Pollock, Miss Evelyn Sharp, Miss Royde Smith, Professor Caroline Spurgeon, Miss W. Stephens, Miss K. M. Warren, Miss Rebecca West and Miss M. P. Willcocks, in collaboration with a similar French committee, including among its members Mme. Adam, Mme. Alphonse Daudet, Mme. Duclaux and Mme. Marcelle Tinayre. The first meeting of the English committee was held on June 20, when Mrs. Belloc Lowndes was appointed chairman, Professor Caroline Spurgeon vice-chairman, and Miss Winifred Stephens secretary.

COMMUNICATIONS

ART AND SCIENCE.—I.

THE analogies discussed by Mr. Roger Fry (*ATHENÆUM*, June 6) between art and science are important both for the theory of art and for the theory of science. The problem is one which no one need be ashamed to treat with caution. Yet it is a fair inference that there must be some incompetence about a view of art or of science which allows no clearer exposition of the relations between them than that given in Mr. Fry's article. A more precise statement will certainly run more risk of being wrong, but it will, on the other hand, have a chance of being definitely and recognizably right.

Mr. Fry poses the question whether a theory which disregarded facts would have equal value for science with one which agreed with facts. He sees no purely æsthetic reason why it should not. The answer is, of course, dependent upon the kind of theory and of facts which we have in mind. For instance, some of the geometries which are known quite possibly apply to given space; others do not. But the facts which are relevant to the æsthetic value of these theories are not facts of given space, but facts of implication, logical facts. No theory disregarding these would have any æsthetic value. Again, generalizations proper, that is, inductions from observed particulars, must, if they are to have æsthetic value (whether they ever do have any or not is another matter), agree with the particulars they cover. Hypotheses on the other hand, whether they agree with particular facts or not, may have value through the inevitability of the deductions they contain, that is through the logical truths they embody.

The point is that the notion of truth is the decisive notion, not only for the scientific value of theory, but for its æsthetic value as well. It is an indication of a fatal weakness in Mr. Fry's æsthetic that it shuns this notion, the simple notion which is referred to when we say that these remarks of mine are true or false. The reason for this avoidance is, I think, an undue nervousness lest by making use of truth he should be led into non-æsthetic considerations. Stupid people will of course use truth in narrow senses, for presentational verisimilitude for instance, but so will they use sensation, emotion, relation and pleasure. Any æsthetic worth considering must use truth as a main instrument. To avoid it because in the past it has been foolishly misused is to be the sport of reaction.

Truth (with falsity) is an attribute of propositions. Propositions are what are apprehended. They are not part of our minds, or produced by our minds, but things to which our minds gain access. They are not facts—for we may apprehend what is false, and then there is no fact for us to apprehend. When a proposition is true, there is, of course, a fact which corresponds, but still the proposition is other than the fact. Nor is a proposition the same as the sensible form by which it is apprehended. A proposition is a complex of terms in relation to one another. The terms can be called ideas provided that no confusion is allowed between images and sensations which are in some sense "occurrences in our minds," and ideas which are not in our minds in this sense, but things which by means of these occurrences the mind gains access to, or thinks of.

We do not, perhaps, ever apprehend propositions except by means of some sensible form, either of words or of imagery or of sensations. We need vehicles by which to approach and gain access to propositions. This is so of all propositions, those with which science as well as those with which art is most concerned. Now science is the systematic connection of propositions. It is, therefore, predominantly interested in those propositions whose connection with other propositions can be traced. The vehicles of science for this reason are composed of signs, words for the most part, arbitrarily assigned as names to defined ideas. Art, on the other hand, is interested in propositions for their own sake, not as interconnected. To this is due the great difference between the ways in which art and science approach propositions, and between the propositions with which they are severally concerned. Those which are most worth contemplating for their own sake are not those whose connections we have the best hope of tracing.

The vehicles with which art approaches propositions are

as a rule vastly complex systems, composed of sensations and images of all kinds and of the feelings and emotions provoked by and provoking these sensations and images. The whole experience which we call "contemplating a work of art" is the vehicle. Through this we apprehend a proposition. When the work of art is great the proposition is such that in no other way could we apprehend it, and our access to it is so complete that it appears perfectly self-evident and inevitable. It is this kind of knowledge, and not any more or less accidental pleasure which it may afford, which is properly called æsthetic satisfaction.

Now in science the only truths for which much æsthetic value has ever been claimed are those which belong to logic and mathematics, abstract and necessary truths. The explanation of this is to be found in the nature of scientific vehicles. Signs are perfect vehicles for abstract truths, but for no others. Thus it is not only the inevitability of these truths which gives value to their apprehension, but the accident that mathematical symbolism plays the part of the great artist in presenting them through forms by which we may gain most complete and perfect access to them.

The points of most fundamental difference between this view and Mr. Fry's are my substitution of the complete experience called "contemplating a work of art" for the "work of art" in the narrower sense, my consequent inability to split this whole into "work of art" and resultant pleasure or emotion, and my introduction of propositions. It is only, I hold, by reference to propositions that any explanation can be given to the terms "inevitability" and "unity," as applied in art.

The two theories superficially are violently opposed, yet I am inclined to think that the real differences may not be great. I cannot allow the language of Mr. Fry's second column, for instance, but by a process of translation I can subscribe to the thought. Perhaps Mr. Fry may find himself in a similar position with regard to this statement, or perhaps he may disapprove not only of my terminology, but of the thought which I have chosen it to convey.

IVOR RICHARDS.

Correspondence

MODERN POETRY AND MODERN SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I am sorry if my letter under the above heading has caused Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie any annoyance, but I think he must admit that those who, as he tells us, have assumed that he wrote the *ATHENÆUM* article, can at any rate plead that there was some internal evidence for the theory.

Mr. Abercrombie's book on the Epic would not occur to me so much in this connection as the marked personal preference for the epic form expressed by him in an article entitled "The Age and Poetry," an "imaginary conversation" which Mr. Abercrombie published awhile ago in a now defunct literary weekly. And then the writer of your article uses one of those elaborate analogies drawn from science in which Mr. Abercrombie delights and at which his early training has, I believe, made him so adept.

As for those phrases in which contemporary poets were "rebuked," they might surely be reckoned as on a par with the dig at sociological novels in Mr. Wells's anonymous letters to the *Times* awhile back. I for one never took them seriously, certainly not as a "severe rebuke."

However, I apologize to Mr. Abercrombie, for whose work, both in and out of "Georgian" anthologies, I have the sincerest possible admiration. The hopes one might have entertained that the *ATHENÆUM* article has broken what seemed to me his too long silence were evidently too lightly raised!

Yours faithfully,

Stow Hill, Newport.

H. W. CRUNDELL.

CEZANNE.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

MONSIEUR,—M. Bell, n'ayant pas sans doute eu le temps de faire une étude aussi approfondie de la loi militaire en France que de la vie de Cézanne, ignore probablement qu'il eût été impossible à Cézanne de vivre ouvertement en France

après la guerre de 70, s'il avait été insoumis ou déserteur, l'amnistie n'étant survenue que bien des années plus tard. En outre, je peux assurer M. Bell d'après ma propre expérience qu'il n'est pas nécessaire d'être "insoumis pour recevoir la visite des gendarmes, dont le devoir n'est pas seulement de faire la chasse aux déserteurs, mais de s'assurer de l'obéissance aux devoirs militaires.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments distingués.

SIMON BUSSY.

27, Grange Road, Cambridge.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED.]

THE ARTISTIC PROBLEM

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—While I express my appreciation of Mr. Clive Bell's admirable exposition of the artistic problem in your issue of last week—a substantial contribution to clear thinking on literary æsthetic—may I protest against the casual manner in which Zola and Mr. Arnold Bennett are dismissed as incapable of works of art? Such unsubstantiated aperçus do not advance Mr. Bell's argument. They merely suggest that he has not read the best work of either of these authors. Zola's short story in the "Soirées de Medan" is a work of art; Mr. Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale" is a work of art; and they are works of art precisely because in them their authors have faced the artistic problem resolutely, whatever their practice elsewhere may have been. Mr. Bennett's novel is shaped and formed with a deliberate intention so rare in modern English fiction that to dismiss it in passing argues ignorance or insensibility. It should have been quoted rather as a positive support of Mr. Bell's thesis than as an instance of neglect of the artistic problem.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY KING.

COWPER'S SUMMER HOUSE AND GARDEN.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The trustees of the Cowper Museum at Olney have secured Cowper's garden and summer house for the nation at the price of £325. Towards this sum £210 has been collected. They would be glad of donations so as to be able to complete the purchase. Will any of your readers help?

Yours truly,

THOMAS WRIGHT.

Cowper School, Olney, Bucks.

[At the request of Mr. Norman Macdermott, the Director of the Everyman Theatre, we have withheld from publication the letter, the receipt of which we acknowledged in our issue of last week.—ED.]

THE Astronomer Royal's Report for the year May 11, 1918—May 10, 1919 is now published. Owing to the depletion of the staff regular work with the transit circle was carried on to a very limited extent. The 28-inch refractor was at the disposition of M. Jonckheere until he returned to Lille in January. He employed it chiefly in the remeasurement of double stars he had previously observed at Lille. He also rediscovered Wolf's periodical comet on July 9, 1918. The photographic work of the 26-inch refractor includes the photography of the larger satellites of Jupiter for Dr. de Sitter. Nine photographs were taken of the field in which the recent eclipse occurred with the astrographic equatorial. The Admiralty after consultation with the Royal Astronomical Society has decided to adopt the recommendation proposed by a conference attended by the Astronomer Royal that a day commencing at 0 hours midnight should be substituted in all nautical publications for the astronomical day commencing at 0 hours noon. The necessary alterations will be made in the Nautical Almanac commencing in the year 1925, and in the Admiralty Tide Tables for 1920.

At a meeting of Convocation, held at Oxford, on June 10, the following decree, proposed by the Warden of Wadham was carried by a majority of 38: That the Vice-Chancellor be authorized by Convocation to apply for a Government grant or grants and to accept the same on behalf of the University on the conditions stated in the letter of April 16 last, of the President of the Board of Education—namely, that the University should co-operate with the Government in an inquiry to be made into its whole resources and the use which is made of them.

Foreign Literature

BUFFON

BUFFON. Par Louis Dimier. (Paris, Nouvelle Librairie Nationale. 4fr. 55.)

YEAR by year and volume by volume, over the space of nearly half a century, the "Histoire Naturelle" unfolded itself before the eyes of an admiring world. It appeared with the grandeur and the recurrent regularity of a great natural phenomenon. The eighteenth century regarded Buffon as men might regard a constellation; he was something grand and permanent. Nobody reads Buffon now, nobody would think of turning to him for exact information on any subject. He shares the fate of all pioneers; succeeding travellers make use of the road which they have cut, without thinking of the men who first brought axe and spade to open up the unexplored. The man of science is concerned with the problems of nature as they present themselves to him; he has no time and not much wish to know the mistakes his predecessors made in envisaging the same problems. Buffon is interesting to the historian of science, who sees in him one of the great forerunners of modern biology. Buffon did more, perhaps than any other single man to raise biology to the level of science.

Up to his time it had been for the most part condemned and despised as a mere dilettante's hobby, the diversion of trifling minds, unfit to occupy the attention of serious thinkers. The men who had been loudest in their admiration of Newton were also the loudest in their contempt for the "curious philosophers" of nature. Take, for instance, the attitude of intelligent men in England towards the natural philosophers of the Royal Society. Samuel Butler ridicules them in the "Elephant in the Moon." Shadwell writes a satirical play called the "Virtuoso." Swift transports the Society to Laputa, and, in company with Pope and others of the most intelligent men of his time, sets up the scarecrow figure of Scriblerus, who is a man of science as well as a commentator of texts.

What were the reasons for this attitude? To some extent the experimental scientists deserved their ill treatment. Many of them were the merest dilettanti, dabbling in amateur science for the sake of amusement and with no real desire to arrive at truth. They were, in every sense of the words, "curious philosophers," observing and experimenting to satisfy an itch of inquisitiveness. But the eighteenth century wit despised the serious searcher as much as the dilettante. His attitude towards physics and mathematics on the one hand and towards biology on the other is explained by the very nature of the sciences themselves. Physics and mathematics are clear, orderly, precise sciences; being abstract, they are systematic. Biology, on the other hand, deals with life and reality, and things have a deplorable habit of being a great deal more complicated than ideas. You may make a system of reality, but you are liable the next day to discover a new fact which proves it to be wrong. No sound orderly systems emerged from the study of life, and the men of the eighteenth century accordingly despised it. The best that could be hoped from experimental science was the discovery of useful inventions. Such biologists as existed during the eighteenth century occupied themselves in trying to give to their science a systematic appearance which would render it acceptable to the lovers of mathematical order. It is the age of vain classifications.

Now, it was Buffon's merit to have seen the importance of biology and to have approached the subject in the right way. He was at once a "curious" and a systematic philosopher. He could observe and experiment, he could plunge into detailed reality without losing

sight of general principles. He could classify and systematize without being arbitrary and without forgetting that things remain obstinately themselves whatever names you may choose to call them. He invested biology with a dignity and splendour which it had never known in the days when it was merely the diversion of inquisitive amateurs, and he made possible the great developments of the science which took place during the nineteenth century.

One is filled, in reading almost any part of the "Histoire Naturelle," with a profound respect for Buffon's mind. One is struck as much by his fine and detailed observation as by the largeness and sobriety of his generalizations. And the whole, detail and generalization, is fused and transformed into literature by the power of a magnificent style. There are certainly moments when Buffon's style falls into that sin of over-ornateness and pomposity with which he has often been reproached. It is a little absurd, for instance, to begin an article on the horse with a sentence like :

La plus noble conquête que l'homme ait jamais fait, c'est de ce fier et fougueux animal qui partage avec lui les fatigues de la guerre et la gloire des combats.

And here is a description of the wedding of elephants which is as tenderly romantic as anything in Bernardin de St. Pierre :

Ils se prennent par choix, se dérobent, et dans leur marche l'amour paroît les précéder et la pudeur les suivre, car le mystère accompagne leurs plaisirs . . . Ils craignent les regards de leurs semblables et connaissent peut-être mieux que nous cette volupté pure de jouir dans le silence et de ne s'occuper que de l'objet aimé. Ils cherchent les bois les plus épais, ils gagnent les solitudes les plus profondes pour se livrer, sans témoins, sans trouble et sans réserve, à toutes les impulsions de la nature.

However, it is quite wrong to suppose that the whole of the "Histoire Naturelle" is couched in language as flowery as this. Buffon can be eloquent without bombast, as in the introduction to the "Epoques de la Nature." His exposition of general ideas is always clear, his descriptions always lively. Marmontel declared that he would give Buffon a high place among descriptive poets. The compliment was double-edged in intention—for Marmontel meant, by calling him a poet, to disparage Buffon's merits as a man of science—but it may be applied to Buffon as a piece of unmingled praise. Every man of science is to a certain degree a poet; he must possess imagination as well as laborious accuracy. To the poet's imagination Buffon added something of the poet's power of expression. The "Histoire Naturelle" is a monument of fine literature. With the increase of knowledge, its scientific value has necessarily grown less, but its literary value remains as high as ever. Men will continue to read it, because it is a great work of art.

M. Dimier's book forms an admirable introduction to the study of Buffon. It is unpretentiously written, full of information and sensible criticism. An occasional expression of dislike for the makers of the Revolution and a few jibes, in the manner of M. Maurras, at the Romantics remind us every now and then of M. Dimier's political prejudices. But on the whole, the book is remarkably temperate and unbiassed. One is grateful to M. Dimier for admiring Buffon as himself and not as a potential supporter of the "Action Française."

A. L. H.

LES ETUDIANTS. Par Emile Moselly. (Paris, Ollendorff. 4 fr. 55.)—M. Moselly's picture of student life at Lyons is not very convincing or interesting. His undergraduates can scarcely be said to live; at the best, they are little more than "humours." The most intelligent among them enjoy reading and reciting the works of Victor Hugo, a taste which seems peculiar in these later days. However, one enjoys reading the book for the sake of a sympathetic study of youthful melancholy and sentiment, embodied in the person of the hero.

THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC

LES HOMMES D'ÉTAT DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE ITALIENNE. Par Albert Pingaud. (Paris, Champion. 8 fr. 50.)

NAPOLEON'S rule in Italy has hitherto attracted but a tithe of the attention that has been directed to almost every aspect of his career of recent years. The Italian campaigns have been studied in every detail, but even in Italy the Cisalpine Republic, the Italian Republic and the Kingdom of Italy are often summarily dismissed as little more than a prelude to the Risorgimento. And this volume by M. Pingaud, which is really a pendant to his earlier work on "Bonaparte, Président de la République Italienne," does much to explain the causes of this neglect of the period he has chosen to explore.

The violent republicans, the active politicians who had brushed aside the moderates and made the Cisalpine Republic had now served their purpose. They were frowned upon by authority and relegated to the back-ground. As in France, Napoleon wanted capable administrators and civil servants who could set his house in order. For indeed the house was almost entirely of his own building. This Italian Republic in no way emanated from the peoples that composed it; it was imposed upon them from without. Acute observers remark on the complete apathy of the majority of the citizens towards the Government, which failed hopelessly to overcome the old inter-provincial jealousies that continue to smoulder even to-day. The French were unpopular owing to their exactions and the high-handed behaviour of the Troops. In fact, the Kingdom of Italy, with Eugène de Beauharnais as Viceroy, which succeeded the Republic, was a far truer expression of the real state of affairs. Above all, there was a widespread suspicion that the existing régime was only temporary. Men had seen too many governments rise and fall to believe that such a haphazard conglomeration of discordant elements was destined to last.

All these aspects are reflected in the lives of the men who form the subject of M. Pingaud's work. The fact that so many of them came from Modena aroused a good deal of jealousy, especially in Milan, the capital. Yet this is easily explained. Not only were the Modenese characterised by unusual restraint and caution, but the Duchy was the one region that had possessed something of a national government fitted to train its citizens to the service of the State. The want of character, capacity, and even common loyalty that we find in many of these officials shows how hard it was to procure suitable administrators in Italy at this time. Doubtless this is why so many posts, especially in the Consulta di stato, which corresponded to the Senate in France, were given to men of high intellectual attainments in other spheres, such as the great surgeon, Moscati.

As a whole the men of the Republic have now dropped into a well-deserved obscurity. Prina, the Finance Minister, towers head and shoulders above his colleagues—"the one indispensable man," "the one man of sense and character," as Napoleon called him. To Prina was assigned the thankless task of raising the large sums required by Napoleon—a task he performed with a thoroughness and success that naturally made him hated by his countrymen. One sympathises with the Minister of Justice who, on being told by Napoleon that his department cost too much, had the courage or the foolhardiness to reply that the Minister of War spent far more, though his master may have muttered "Imbécile," as he turned his back upon him. "France," wrote Stendhal of Prina, "has produced no rival of this Piedmontese in the art of extorting and spending money for the profit of a despot. He worked day and night, and stole little or nothing." The tribute is typically

grudging, and therefore the more genuine. Prina paid for his devotion with his life, being brutally murdered by the crowd in 1814.

By the constitution there were three officials who were to link Napoleon as President with his new subjects—the Vice-President and the Secretary of State at Milan, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Paris. Melzi, the Vice-President, has not been neglected by historians, but Sig. Casini, who promises us a life of Marescalchi, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, has been the first to write adequately of Guicciardi, the Secretary of State. And there is still a good deal of unpublished material concerning all three. Melzi certainly stands next to Prina, though at a considerable distance from him. As always, M. Pingaud describes his career in full, carrying it through the days of the Kingdom of Italy into the period of the Austrian restoration. Thus he is able to quote freely from the Vice-President's unpublished diary of his mission to Napoleon when negotiating for the surrender of Milan in 1796, which contains interesting detailed notes of his conversations with the young general. Melzi's love for his country was genuine, and he possessed the dignity and character necessary for his part. Napoleon rarely forgot those who joined him in the early stages of his career, and Melzi was among the first to do so. Moreover, he belonged to one of the old families, whose support Napoleon valued so highly that he was ready to push the career of a man like Trivalzi, though he had virtually nothing but his historic name to recommend him. Apart from the air of respectability they brought to the new régime, they alone embodied the traditions that might be hoped to give it some kind of permanence.

No one interested in Italian literature can help recalling Monti, the poet of this transition period, as he reads these pages. Monti does not, of course, occur in them, but his great gifts have made him the scapegoat of the weaknesses of his generation, which he shared to the full, since they have rescued him from oblivion that has to a great extent engulfed his contemporaries. Men like Guicciardi, or the *beau sabreur*, Pino, were troubled by no convictions. They were not of the stamp of Foscolo. No martyrs to freedom are to be found in their ranks. They made the best of each change of government, performing their allotted task with more or less credit. Many of them doubtless shared the joy at returning to Italy after Marengo, which inspired what is, perhaps, the best of all Monti's poems.

Bella Italia, amate sponde.

But, like him, they never lost sight of a possible return of the Austrians. In the hearts they felt that French rule was hardly less foreign. Not till it was overthrown did they begin to realise how much they had lost.

L. C.-M.

APHRODITE COURONNÉE. Par G. M. de Bièvre. (Paris, Grasset. 4fr. 55.)—The French have quite a tradition of the Greek and Roman historical novel. Chateaubriand created the luminous stylistic atmosphere. Flaubert added realism and philosophic discourse, and Anatole France brought the type to its ripe perfection. Then came Pierre Louys, who preserved the luminosity and the realism, but cut out the philosophy and replaced it by matter of more erotic interest. Pierre Louys was a man whose literary skill was so great that he managed to make "volupté" quite pretty and amusing. His followers, of whom M. de Bièvre is one, do not possess his talents; they are unable to conceal the fact that few themes are more tedious or more rapidly exhausted than the erotic.

These pseudo-classical young ladies, of whom M. de Bièvre writes, with their perfumes and transparent tunics and bisted eyes, are as boring as anyone else who has only one idea: more boring than most monomaniacs, for their obsession happens to be "amour."

LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEHOV

Translated by S. KOTELIANSKY and KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

VII.

To A. S. SOUVORIN.

(November, 1888, Moscow.)

GOOD evening to you, Alexey Sergueyevitch! In a moment I must don my evening clothes and go off to the opening of the "Society of Arts and Literature," whereto I am invited as a guest. There is to be a formal ball. What the aims and means of that society are, who are its members, etc., I do not know. I only know that Fyedorov, the author of many plays, is at the head of it. I am thankful to say I have not been elected a member—paying a twenty-five-ruble subscription for the privilege of being bored doesn't appeal to me greatly. If anything interesting or amusing happens, I'll tell you. Lensky, the actor, is going to read my stories.

There is an article about me in the November number of *Syeveryny Vyesnik*, by the poet Merezhkovsky. A long article. I commend it to your attention. It is characteristic. Merezhkovsky is still very young, he is a student of the faculty of science. Having mastered the wisdom of the scientific method, and being able, therefore, to think scientifically, he encounters not a few charming temptations. Archimedes wanted to turn the earth upside down, and present-day hotheads want, with the aid of science, to grasp the ungraspable; they desire to discover the physical laws of creative activity and to trace the outline of the general laws and formulæ by which an artist, who feels them instinctively, creates musical compositions, landscapes, novels, etc.

It is probable those formulæ do exist in nature. We know that there is, in nature, a, b, c, d, *do, ra, me, fa, sol*, and a curve, a line, a circle, a square, green, red, blue. We know that these things, in a certain combination, produce a melody, or poem, or picture, just as simple chemical substances in a certain combination produce a tree, or a stone, or the sea. But the arrangement of that combination is hidden from us. Your scientific man has an inward presentiment that a musical composition and a tree have something in common, that the former as well as the latter is created according to equally regular, simple laws. Hence the question—what are those laws? Hence the temptation to write the physiology of creative activity (like Boborykin), or, with younger and more timid men, to refer everything to science and the laws of nature (like Merezhkovsky). The physiology of creative activity exists, probably, in nature, but speculation about it should be cut short at the very outset. No good will come of critics ranging themselves with scientists: they will waste a dozen years, write a lot of windy stuff, confuse the question still more—and get nowhere. To think scientifically is always valuable, but the misfortune is that scientific thinking about the creative activity will in the end, willy-nilly, become a chase after the "cells" and "centres" which administer to the creative faculty. And then some stodgy German will discover those cells in the temporal part of the brain; a second German will disagree with him, a third will agree. Finally a Russian will glance through an article on "cells," and write a paper for the *Syeveryny Vyesnik*, the *Syeveryny Vyesnik* will take the subject up, and a rubbishy miasma will hang for years in the Russian air, providing a living and popularity for blockheads, and filling sensible people with nothing but irritation.

Men whom science inspires, who are granted the rare gift of thinking scientifically have, in my opinion, one outlet—the philosophy of the creative activity. It is possible to gather together all the best that has been created by artists through all the ages, and by scientific methods to grasp what it is that they share in common, and

that determines their value. That thing-in-common will be the law. In works which are called immortal there is a great deal of it; were the thing-in-common removed the work would lose its significance and richness. It is more useful for young authors to write criticism than poems. Merezhkovsky writes smoothly and youthfully, but on each page he is apprehensive, he makes reservations and compromises—that is a sign that the question is not clear to him. Myself he calls a poet, my stories—novellas, my heroes—life's failures; he uses all the worn old clichés. It is high time to give up talking about failures in life, superfluous men, and to dig something out of one's own mind, instead. Merezhkovsky calls my Monk, the composer of chants, a failure. Why? God grant everyone to live like him; he believed in the Lord, earned his living and knew how to compose. To classify people as successes or failures means to look at human nature from a narrow, preconceived, point of view. Are you a success or not? And I? And Napoleon? And Basil, your butler? What is the criterion? One would have to be God to distinguish success from failure—without being mistaken. . . . I am going off to that ball.

I have come back. The aim of the society is "union." A learned German trained a cat, a mouse, a merlin, and a sparrow to eat from the same plate. But the German had a system, and the society has none. Deadly boredom. Everybody lounged about all over the rooms and tried to look as if they were not bored. A girl sang, Lensky read one of my stories (at which one of the listeners said: "A rather feeble story!") And Lensky had the stupidity and cruelty to interrupt him with: "Here is the author himself! Allow me to introduce you!" and the listener was awfully embarrassed). They danced, ate a bad supper and were cheated by the waiters. . . . If actors, artists and authors are indeed the best element in society, then we are in a bad way. Fine indeed must society be if its best element is so poor in colour, in desires, in intentions, so poor in taste, beauty, initiative. They had put a Japanese scarecrow in the hall, a Chinese lantern was stuck in one corner and a carpet hung over the staircase—and they think that is artistic. A Chinese sunshade and no newspapers. If an artist gets no further with the decoration of his house than a museum scarecrow with a halberd—no further than shields and fans; if all that is not accidental, but is felt and emphasized, then he's not an artist, he's a sanctimonious monkey.

There is a mess-up at Korsh's Theatre. The steam coffee-pot burst and scorched Mlle. Rybchinska's face. Glama has left for Petersburg. Solovzov's lady friend for life is ill, etc. Everybody shouts and quarrels; there is nobody to act, nobody listens. A costume-play would probably be rejected. I should like Maslov's play to be staged. Not for the sake of Maslov, but out of pity for the theatre, and because I am ambitious. We must do our best to get the theatre away from greengrocers and deliver it into the hands of writers, otherwise the theatre will be lost.

The coffee-pot killed my "Bear," Mlle. Rybchinska, and there is nobody else to act it. All mine greet you. My sincere greetings to Anna Ivanovna, Nastya and Boris.

Your A. T.

THE François Flameng collection was sold by auction on May 26-27, and realised 1,827,450 francs. Amongst the principal items were "Portrait d'homme," by Clouet, 13,000 fr.; "Portrait de Françoise de Longwi," by Corneille de Lyon, 24,500 fr.; "Portrait d'un Electeur," by Cranach le Vieux, 13,000 fr. (bought by the Louvre); "Portrait d'homme âgé," by Rembrandt, 42,000 fr.; "Tête de vieillard," a study by Leonardo da Vinci, 6,000 fr.; "Ruines d'Italie," by Fragonard, 25,000 fr.; "Le Duel," by Goya, 4,000 fr.; "Assemblées dans un parc," by Watteau, 8,000 fr.; and five portraits by Ingres; "Berlioz," 10,000 fr.; "Paganini," 9,000 fr.; "M. Alexandre Boyer," 19,000 fr.; "M. Jal, critique d'art," 5,600 fr.; and "Mme. Nicaise Lacroix," 18,000 fr.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class; the second one of the sub-divisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.

***Studies**: an Irish quarterly review of letters, philosophy, and science. Dublin, Education Co. of Ireland, June, 1919. 9 in. 176 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 050

The articles in the forefront deal with Ireland at the Peace Conference and the sources of English and American democracy, and later articles with the housing problem in Dublin and other questions of to-day. But the article of chief permanent interest is by Mr. Edmund Curtis on the struggle for supremacy of the Irish, French, and English languages in mediæval Ireland, which throws sidelights on literary history. An unpublished Irish poem appears with a literal translation.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Bruce (H. Addington). **PSYCHOLOGY AND PARENTHOOD**. Heinemann, 1919. 7½ in. 302 pp. ind., 7/6 n. 136.72

The scope of this book is sufficiently indicated by some of the chapter headings: The Importance of the Environment; Suggestion in Education; Intensive Child Culture; Hysteria in Childhood. The treatment is non-technical, and the author illustrates his argument by numerous anecdotes. There is nothing new either in the subject-matter or the treatment, and such practical conclusions as emerge are not of great value. Parents will, however, find the book interesting, if not very helpful.

***Dickenson (Charles J.)**. **PEACE AND ITS FOUNDATIONS**: the impressions of a 1914 recruit. Murby, 1919. 7½ in. 213 pp. boards, 6/ n. 172.4

Mr. Dickenson is a discriminating optimist who considers that Christianity, "whatever its shortcomings may be," is among the chief forces making for peace. But he admits that as a whole it has failed, and his second chapter is in great part a call to Christians to unite, and to bestir themselves, lest the Church, "immortal, but grown senile," share the fate of Tithonus, and become little more than a voice. In the Y.M.C.A. and the Church Army, the author thinks, there is practical Christianity. "Certainly not perfect, but they are the best things yet done in the name of Christ. I . . . say deliberately," Mr. Dickenson continues, "that the Y.M.C.A. is the finger pointing in the direction of a Church worthy of the name of its founder. Comparisons are odious, but they are sometimes necessary, and by comparison I find the Y.M.C.A. and kindred institutions to be the Church's only real achievements." Among the "unsectarian forces making for a better state of society" the author includes trade-unionism, Socialism, Freemasonry, and co-partnership. In the two latter he has especial confidence. The second, third, and concluding parts of his book deal with causes making for war, and with character, heredity, death, and the needs of the world.

Joad (C. E. M.). **ESSAYS IN COMMON SENSE PHILOSOPHY**. Headley, 1919. 7½ in. 252 pp., 8/6 n. 121

In this little volume the author has endeavoured to give a simple account of the most important epistemological theories current to-day, including some speculations of his own. As with all books of this kind, the author's treatment can be considered adequate only by those who agree with him. To others it will appear that the points neglected by the author are more important than those noticed by him.

Terman (Lewis M.). **THE MEASUREMENT OF INTELLIGENCE**: an explanation of and a complete guide for the use of the Stanford revision and extension of the Binet-Simon intelligence scale; with introduction by Professor J. J. Findlay. Harrap, 1919. 8 in. 381 pp., 6/ n. 136

This volume by the Professor of Education in the Leland Stanford Junior University is clearly written and should be very useful.

Terman (Lewis M.). **TEST MATERIAL FOR THE MEASUREMENT OF INTELLIGENCE**. Harrap [1919]. 8 in. 18 cards, and booklet, in envelope, il., 3/6 n. 136

A set of cards and a record booklet for the Stanford revision of the Binet-Simon tests described in Professor Terman's "The Measurement of Intelligence"; revised for use in British schools. Pictures, scoring cards for copying simple plane figures, cards for memory-drawing, writing from dictation, and the like, are included.

200 RELIGION.

Graham (David). **RELIGION AND INTELLECT**: a new critique of theology. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 1919. 8½ in. 176 pp. app. ind., 7/6 n. 201

A plea for the exercise of reason as a preliminary to the discussion of any religious doctrine. With the object of stimulating and promoting "the uncompromising subordination of religion to reason," the author sets forth ten axioms which, he argues, derive their authority from "the Rational Consciousness, the Living Oracle." Mr. Graham holds that all creeds and systems of theology should be "rigorously revised and corrected and, if need be, abolished, in so far as they are hostile to these axioms."

***Malden (Richard Henry)**. **THE OLD TESTAMENT**: its meaning and value for the Church to-day. Macmillan, 1919. 8 in. 259 pp. ind., 6/ n. 221.1

"I have no claim to be considered expert in Old Testament studies," Mr. Malden confesses, and he admits that he has very little Hebrew. Nevertheless, his book, which grew out of a course of sermons preached at sea when he was an acting naval chaplain, is of value as explaining to the general reader how to solve the main difficulties of Biblical study. "The Bible is to be regarded as the Record of a Revelation rather than as the Revelation itself"; that is, though the writers were, presumably, inspired, they remained independent human beings capable of going wrong, and were not simply mouthpieces for the divine message. Mr. Malden avows himself a conservative, but his attitude is certainly that of a liberal-conservative; he shows sturdy common sense, and is admirably lucid.

Sermons for the Peace Celebrations. By various writers. Skeffington [1919]. 7½ in. 128 pp., 3/6 n. 252.6

Although these discourses are described as "entirely new and up-to-date addresses specially written for use during the forthcoming weeks," novelty or striking originality is scarcely a feature of the treatment of the themes chosen, among which are "The Blessings of Peace," "The Peril of Neutrality," and "The Conservation of Energy." The authors are Canons C. L. Ivens and J. Hasloch Potter, and the Revs. B. G. Bouchier, F. W. Worsey, J. Sinkler, J. A. Craigie, and J. H. Williams. Perhaps the addresses by Canon Potter and Mr. Worsey rise most to an occasion unique in history; but as a whole this collection of sermons is disappointing.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

***Brassey (Thomas Allnutt, 2nd Earl) and Leyland (John)**, edd. **THE NAVAL ANNUAL**, 1919. Clowes, 1919. 9½ in. 536 pp. il. ind., 21/ n. 359.05

The volumes for 1915 and 1916 were prepared under the supervision of the late Lord Brassey, with the help of Mr. Leyland. The information was for obvious reasons incomplete, and in 1917 it was decided not to issue any more volumes during the war. Naval events and progress may now be fully reviewed, and the present issue of the Annual includes a complete record of the work of the navy in the war, as well as of the operations of the Allied navies. Progress in naval construction, and the advances in engineering and ordnance, are described in detail. Organization, services, numbers, and training in each year of hostilities, and educa-

tion and "welfare" conditions, are dealt with comprehensively. Convoy work, anti-submarine measures and devices, aerial operations, the Mercantile Marine, the Auxiliary Patrol, and mine-sweepers, receive due attention. It is stated on p. 131 that we started hostilities with 14 trawlers fitted for mine-sweeping only. By the end of the war we had over 3,000 auxiliary patrol vessels, including trawlers, drifters, yachts, motor-launches, etc., apart from the cruisers, armed merchant vessels, destroyers, and other escort vessels engaged in protecting the trade routes. In part 2 are lists and plans of British and foreign ships; and part 3 is devoted to armour and ordnance. Part 4 comprises the Jutland, Zeebrugge, and Ostend dispatches, personal and material losses during the war, and a mass of other information.

Freeman (Frank N.). HOW CHILDREN LEARN ("Riverside Textbooks in Education"). Harrap, 1919. 7½ in. 328 pp. bibliogs. ind., 6/n. 370.15

Waddle (Charles W.). AN INTRODUCTION TO CHILD PSYCHOLOGY ("Riverside Textbooks in Education"). Harrap, 1919. 7½ in. 326 pp. bibliogs. inds., 6/n. 370.15

These two books, belonging to the "Riverside Textbooks in Education," are intended primarily for teachers, but they may be read with interest and profit by everyone interested in the psychology of children. This very modern study has been taken up with enthusiasm in America, and, although it is not yet in a highly developed state, results have been reached of considerable importance for practice. The two books give a clear and compact exposition of the salient points of this branch of psychology.

***Strong (John), ed.** THE EDUCATION (SCOTLAND) ACT, 1918; with annotations. Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd, 1919. 8½ in. 137 pp. apps. ind., cloth 4/6 n., paper 3/6 n. 372.941

This copiously annotated edition of the Munro Act, described in the preface as "the most important Act dealing with Scottish education since the institution of the school board system in 1872," should be of great assistance to Scottish educationalists. The editor, who is Rector of the Royal High School, Edinburgh, has been assisted by Messrs. Hugh Cameron, Duncan MacGillivray, and D. M. Cowan, M.P., Monsignor Miley, Drs. Alexander Morgan and John A. Third, and others.

***United States National Museum.** CATALOGUE OF THE POSTAGE STAMPS AND STAMPED ENVELOPES OF THE UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, issued prior to January 1, 1919. Compiled by Joseph B. Leavy (U.S. National Museum, Bulletin 105). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 10 in. 214 pp. il. paper, 25 cents. 383.73

Philately is now on a permanent basis at the United States National Museum, and this catalogue is issued with the idea of making public what the Government collection of United States stamps is desired to represent when completed. Asterisks mark items already installed in the exhibition frames, so that the catalogue shows exactly what has already been acquired, and what has yet to be obtained. Furthermore, it is a comprehensive list of United States stamps, and all the important varieties and shades are noted. The catalogue is not a primer, so that descriptions are omitted. With a few exceptions, the collection, as installed, is of unused stamps.

Waddle (Charles W.). AN INTRODUCTION TO CHILD PSYCHOLOGY. See above, s.v. Freeman. 370.15

400 PHILOLOGY.

English Association. THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH IN SCHOOLS: a series of papers. Edited by Edith J. Morley (Pamphlet No. 43). English Association, May, 1919. 9½ in. 34 pp., 1/n. 420.7

A collection of papers, by teachers in Elementary, Secondary and Continuation Schools, on the practice of English teaching. Among several interesting essays on oral teaching for children under 14, Miss J. Harrap's paper is especially suggestive. The account of her methods makes one wish that one had been born late enough to enjoy an education in which acting and speech-making play an important part. Different teachers express a variety of opinions on the vexed and difficult subject of literature teaching. Mr. Sharwood Smith would seem to agree with Sir Walter Raleigh in thinking that the teaching of English almost always trembles on the verge of the ridiculous; he demands only a good school

library and that the children should be let loose to browse. On the other hand, Miss Chadwick and Miss Bracken suggest ways of teaching an appreciation of poetry, and their methods, as they describe them, sound very sensible and effective. But here, as everywhere in education, one comes back to the teacher. Education will never be perfect till all the teachers are geniuses; and as the number of geniuses is limited and as very few of them will be tempted to become teachers, the obvious conclusion may be drawn. Meanwhile, the English Association is to be thanked for suggesting useful methods of teaching which may help to make up, even a little, for that lack of genius which is as characteristic of the teaching profession as of any other.

Mansion (J. E.). A SCHOOL GRAMMAR OF PRESENT-DAY FRENCH. Harrap, 1919. 7½ in. 247 pp. ind., 3/6 n. 445

The author endeavours to present, with sufficient fullness for the requirements of middle and senior forms of secondary schools, the mechanism of present-day French; to state the grammatical rules with accuracy; and to set forth "as tendencies of the language, and not as laws, many so-called rules" which are in no way binding, and are "daily ignored by reputable writers." The grammar is based on the spoken language and on "a large collection of 'fiches' gathered during the last ten years from nineteenth and twentieth century writers." Many of the rules are presented in novel forms which, if at first perplexing to the learner, will make him think.

Storm (Theodor W.). IMMENSEE ("Harrap's Bilingual Series"). Harrap, 1919. 6½ in. 112 pp., 1/6 n. 438.8

This is an edition of the German text, and a literal translation by Mr. C. W. Bell is provided. The book is so arranged that a page of text faces the corresponding page of translation. It is well printed, and should fulfil its purpose admirably.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

***Baudesson (Henry).** INDO-CHINA AND ITS PRIMITIVE PEOPLE. Tr. by E. Appleby Holt. Hutchinson [1919]. 9 in. 340 pp. il. bibliog., 16/n. 572.959

A residence of many years in the Far East has enabled Captain Baudesson to write with intimate knowledge of the Moi, the Laotians, and other uncivilized peoples of Indo-China, whose social and family life, superstitions, and religious ceremonies are described in detail in this book. Captain Baudesson seems to have made himself popular with the Moi, to whom he was known as their "Elder Brother, the Great Giver of Tobacco." In the second part of the volume there is an account of the Cham, a curious Mohammedan race, who formerly ruled the empire of Champa (perhaps the Zabai of Ptolemy). Captain Baudesson thrillingly describes some experiences with man-eating tigers; and the book is written in an easy, pleasant style, owing to which it is entertaining as well as instructive. To anthropologists interested in the complex of races dwelling in the uplands of Indo-China the volume should specially appeal.

Life and its Maintenance: a symposium on biological problems of the day. Blackie, 1919. 7 in. 299 pp., 5/n. 570.4

A collection of lectures delivered in 1918 by eminent physiologists, biologists, and agricultural scientists. The lectures, though popular in style, are very informative and based on thorough work.

***A Practical Handbook of British Birds:** ed. by H. F. Witherby: part 3, June 18. Witherby, 1919. 8½ in. 80 pp. il. paper, 4/n. 598.2

In the section just issued of this useful and admirably illustrated handbook various species of larks, wagtails, pipits, and buntings are described with meticulous accuracy. The part will be warmly welcomed by English ornithologists.

***Thomson (J. Arthur).** HEREDITY. 3rd edition. Murray, 1919. 8½ in. 642 pp. il. bibliog. indexes, 15/n. 575.1

In this, the third edition of Professor Thomson's valuable handbook on heredity, the extensive and well-arranged bibliography has been brought up to date, though it is unfortunate that the bibliographical additions contain no references to the work of foreign investigators during the war. We think that Professor Thomson might with advantage extend his practice of giving brief descriptive notices of the more important foreign works to which he refers.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Savage (William G.). RURAL HOUSING; with a chapter on the after-war problem. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 9 in. 304 pp. 32 il., 7/6 n. 613.5

The state of the rural housing laws and the actual conditions of house supply, as regards both lack of accommodation and of healthfulness, are discussed clearly and well in this enlarged edition of the work published in 1915. Present and future requirements are estimated, and a solution of the rural housing problem is indicated. Mr. Savage is medical officer of health for the county of Somerset.

The Way to Fly. By Avion. Pearson, 1919. 7 in. 156 pp., 3/6. 629.17

The aviation tyro will find much that is useful in this little book. Engine overhauling is first dealt with, and instructions are given for testing every part of the aeroplane. Actual flying is treated in a series of chapters, including one on "stunts." There are many diagrams illustrating the text, and a few photographs.

Webster (A. D.). NATIONAL AFFORESTATION. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 7½ in. 160 pp., 6/ n. 634.9

The same author wrote two excellent books, "Seaside Plant" and "Firewoods," and is well qualified by experience to treat both the economical and the practical sides of the subject in this brief handbook. He favours State ownership, and goes into the questions of cost and financial returns, the establishment of schools of forestry, and the use of the unemployed in tree-planting. Like Mr. Stebbing, he points out the urgency of the problem in view of the approaching dearth of timber. There is no index.

800 LITERATURE.

Chinard (Gilbert). CHATEAUBRIAND: LES NATCHEZ, livres I. et II.: contribution à l'étude des sources de Chateaubriand ("University of California Publications in Modern Philology"). Berkeley, Cal., Univ. of California Press, 1919. 10 in. 64 pp. paper. 843.65

With a view to bringing together materials for reconsidering the assumption that Chateaubriand made few changes in the MS. of "Les Natchez" (written 1792-9, left behind in London, and rediscovered fifteen years later) before he published the work in 1826, M. Chinard here prints the prologue and first two books, with a short study of the sources and circumstances of the composition. He contemplates a critical edition of the work at some future date.

***Croce (Benedetto).** GOETHE: con una scelta delle *Liriche* nuovamente tradotte ("Scritti di Storia Letteraria e Politica," 12). Bari, Laterza & Figli, 1919. 8½ in. 294 pp. app. ind., 12 lire. 832.62

The first section of the volume opens with a discussion of Goethe's moral, intellectual, poetical and artistic life. This is followed by a critical study of the poet-philosopher's principal works, including the first and second parts of the first "Faust," the second "Faust," "Werther," "Wilhelm Meister," the historical and ethical dramas, "Hermann und Dorothea," and the Lyrics. The appendix to this section deals with Italian criticism of Goethe. The second part of the book is devoted to Italian renderings of the Lyrics, legends and ballads, love poetry, and the like.

***Masaryk (Thomas Garrigue).** THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIA: studies in history, literature, and philosophy. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Allen & Unwin; New York, Macmillan [1919]. 2 vols. 8½ in. 502, 604 pp. app. (bibliog.) ind., 32/ n. 891.7

The translators have succeeded in putting Masaryk's well-known work into good English, a feat on which they are to be congratulated. The author, in spite of his immense accumulation of facts, avoids dullness, and has succeeded in presenting a history of Russian thought and literature which is fairly exhaustive without being anywhere mechanical. It is a standard work which, in its new dress, is the fullest and most authoritative book on its subject existing in English.

Rodocanachi (E.). ETUDES ET FANTAISIES HISTORIQUES. 2e Série. Paris, Hachette, 1919. 7½ in. 256 pp. paper, 4fr. 55. 844.9

M. Rodocanachi possesses a wealth of curious and delightfully futile erudition that is worthy of the elder D'Israeli.

He tells us of astrologers, of Renaissance doctors and apothecaries, of horse-racing in the Middle Ages; he revels in the fantastic mediæval legends of Virgil, compressing into a short essay the larger and more serious work of Comparetti on the subject. Coming down to more recent times, he devotes a chapter to the last of the Stuarts, another to the Duke of Brunswick, and a final essay to the two Duchesses of Devonshire. To those who like odd knowledge for its own sake this volume is heartily to be commended.

Symons (Arthur). THE TOY CART: a play in five acts. Maunsel, 1919. 8 in. 114 pp. boards, 5/ n. 822.9

The Indian romance on which Mr. Symons bases his play is full of familiar scenes and incidents; there are false accusations, resurrections of women left for dead, rescuings of the hero from under the very blade of the executioner's axe. Virtue is rewarded, vice routed and magnanimously forgiven. But for the names we should not know we were in India: it all might have happened just as well in Padua or Athens or Sidneian Arcadia. We are in the world of Beaumont and Fletcher or of Shakespeare in romantic vein. Fletcher, by his unflinching dramatic power, by his gusto, by his smart dialogue and gift of facile verse, could have constructed an admirable stage play from the material of the "Toy Cart." Shakespeare, adding poetry and life, could have turned it into a characteristic Shakespearian piece. But Fletcher and Shakespeare lived at a time when it was possible to take this kind of romance seriously. Belonging to a later generation, Mr. Symons simply does not believe in his story. His play lacks conviction and vitality. It would be too much to ask him to achieve Shakespeare's profundity and beauty; but "The Toy Cart" has not even the lively prettiness of Fletcher. The story trickles out in tired meticulous prose, and the reader is left as cold as Mr. Symons evidently was when he wrote it. How remote it all is from the vivacity of the Elizabethans!

POETRY.

Cendars (Blaise). J'AI TUÉ. Paris, Crés, 1919. 6½ in. 24 pp. front. paper, 1 fr. 40. 841.9

A prose poem must be something complete in itself; that is perhaps the only rule that can be laid down for the composition of this unsatisfactory hybrid form. M. Cendars does not observe this rule, and his prose poem is a failure. "J'ai Tué" reads like a passage taken at hazard from some realistic war novel. There is no particular reason why it should begin or end where it does. It would have made a good chapter in a longer book, but it cannot stand by itself.

Dickinson (Eric). THE ILEX GROVE. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 7 in. 32 pp. boards, 1/6 n. 821.9

The best way to appreciate the metrical style of an author is to read his poems without paying the least regard to the meaning of the words, or, better still, to declaim some melodious kind of nonsense in place of words. Thus, one can read a Shakespeare sonnet in terms of tumpy-tumpy and still catch the fundamental musical construction of it. Shakespeare made into tumpies will be very different from a tumptified Donne; and one would immediately be able to distinguish an Elizabethan from an eighteenth-century tumpy. Mr. Dickinson's verse is poetry in which the process of eliminating sense has been arrested half-way. One can see that he would like to get rid of it altogether; he understands words as music, but words as symbols containing a meaning seem hardly to interest him. Here is a characteristic stanza:

In the brake at the heart of the russet wood
I paused, and time grew old;
And a dead heart drifts with the shoals of dream
Wherein my love was sold.

The first two lines are intelligible and pleasing; the last two are simply rhythm without sense. Had Mr. Dickinson written tumpies instead of real words, he would have saved us a great deal of time wasted in a vain attempt to find the meaning of his remarks. The fact is that these lines, like most of his verse, have no meaning, but a very nice sound. If Mr. Dickinson will realize that words are something more than mere sound, if he will use them exquisitely and conscientiously instead of at haphazard, he will become an interesting writer. At present he is only a curious phenomenon.

Finch (Heneage Wynne). POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS. Humphries [1919]. 9 in. 89 pp., 5/ n. 821.9

Having read on the first page of Mr. Wynne Finch's volume the phrases "quaint old room" and "old-world things," we are not surprised at finding him talking on the next of fairies and dreams. Mr. Finch shows himself, in his original pieces, to be the possessor of a pretty gift of slightly sentimental verse. His translations deserve praise for their frequent ingenuity and skill.

Flagg (Isaac). HYLETHEN, AND OTHER POEMS. Boston, Mass., Stratford Company, 1919. 8 in. 151 pp., \$1.50 811.5

One of the traditional distractions of dons and pro-consuls is the composition of verse. Mr. Flagg, who has taught Greek at several of the greatest American universities, is no exception to the rule. We like him best in his lighter occasional pieces, such as "Ave Piscator" and the prologues and epilogues written for undergraduate dramatic performances. His serious pieces are a little too solemnly traditional.

Lorraine (Elsa). TRIPTYCH (INITIATES). Oxford, Blackwell [1919]. 7½ in. 56 pp. paper, 3/ n. 821.9

There are certainly moments when poems about love and nightingales and roses are very pleasant. But at other times one is apt, rather ungraciously perhaps, to wish that people would write of something less delicious. If only they would treat love intellectually, realistically, cynically, anyhow but rapturously, how much better we should like them! There are so few to whom it is given to be rapturous with success, so few who can be sweet without becoming cloying. Miss Lorraine's fluent love-lyrics leave one with a longing for the tonic harshness of Donne's most intellectual poetry.

Palmer (George Herbert). FORMATIVE TYPES IN ENGLISH POETRY. Houghton & Mifflin (Constable), 1918. 8 in. 311 pp., 7/6 n. 821.04

Chaucer, Spenser, Herbert, Pope, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning are the seven poets selected by Mr. Palmer as the types standing for successive phases of English poetry. He expounds the canons of good poetry clearly, starting with a working definition of poetry as "the conscious transmission of an emotional experience to another imaginative mind," which avoids the usual fallacy that poetry is primarily emotion. A sound judgment and sanity, a catholic taste that discerns the goodness in Pope as well as in Wordsworth, and a power of clear explanation, have produced a book that can be recommended to young students, who are further assisted by suggestions for reading.

Six Satires. By G. A. M. Poetry Bookshop [1919]. 8 in. 15 pp. paper, 8d. n. 827.9

Life and people, from the point of view of the second lieutenant who has been through the war, are depicted with cheerful sarcasm and a light touch in a rough-and-ready, but very effective sort of blank verse.

FICTION.

Bennett (Mark). UNDER THE PERISCOPE. Collins [1919]. 8 in. 266 pp., 7/6 n.

Regarding the construction and handling of submarines the landsman's ignorance is generally profound. Mr. Bennett's stories, such as "Exercise Attacks," "The Real Thing," "Patrol," and "Empty Saddles," are founded on fact; and, though certain of the stories may perhaps be a little too technical for some readers, they all convey vivid ideas of life on submarine craft, and of the dangers encountered by the crews. A few pieces of verse are included.

Blèvre (Georges Mereschal de). APHRODITE COURONNÉE. Paris, Grasset, 1919. 7½ in. 340 pp., 4 fr. 55. 843.9
See notice, p. 537

Endicott (Ruth Belmore). CAROLYN OF THE CORNERS: THE "LOOK UP" BOOK. Jarrolds [1919]. 7½ in. 256 pp., 7/ n.

Miss Endicott describes her novel as a "look-up" book: "Look up at the sunshine and the blue sky. Breathe in happiness and grow younger. This is the story of one whose motto was 'Look up.'" Not only did Carolyn May look up herself, but she made everyone she came into contact with look up as well. For the accomplishment of this miracle nature and Miss Endicott endowed her with sunshiny hair, a pet

mongrel and an engaging frankness. In the last chapter the principle of up-look scores its final triumph: Carolyn is so optimistic that her papa and mamma, who had been torpedoed in the Mediterranean, reappear alive and well, and the book ends in an orgy of happiness.

Flatau (Dorota). BAIT. Hutchinson [1919]. 8 in. 288 pp., 6/9 n.

Miss Flatau paints a thrilling picture of High Life as it is seen on the cinema, and overheard on the music-hall stage. Her hero, though he does not know it till within fifty pages of the final kiss on the final page, is really the son of a Lord. However, in spite of this deplorable heredity, he is a clean-limbed, strong and silent South African, who finds the aristocrats of London society shockingly corrupt. It is to be hoped that he disliked their conversation as much as their morals. When the aristocrats mean "his clothes are well cut," they say, "His rags are hacked right"; they habitually address one another as "sports" and "old things"; in a word, they are what Miss Flatau makes one of her less depraved characters call the "quintessence of modernity in its worst form." One is not surprised that revolution is spreading.

Hine (Muriel). THE HIDDEN VALLEY. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 374 pp., 7/ n.

Part of Miss Muriel Hine's love-story is set in the pleasant neighbourhood of Pangbourne, and the reader follows with considerable enjoyment the fortunes of Sheila Travers, a "human" and likeable heroine, a "river girl," modern in her views, and an advocate of "votes for women." Miss Hine's characterization of Sheila and her lovers is good, and the novel as a whole is vigorously and brightly written.

Le Queux (William). THE KING'S INCOGNITO. Odhams [1919]. 7 in. 282 pp., 6/ n.

At the beginning of this story by the "Master of Mystery," the daughter of the English Foreign Secretary encounters, by chance, in the lounge of the Ritz, the King of Moldavia. "She looked at him steadfastly with her pure glance, before which that of the diplomatic King fell, a little abashed. The shifty gaze of the crooked and crafty cannot always meet the limpid eyes of the angels." Being told in this unmistakable way exactly where we are, we embark on the "adventures." At the end of them the wicked king looks ten years older, and Myra, the lady with the pure glance, "came down the terrace with her easy, graceful carriage, her figure girlish and slender as ever. She was a mother now."

Riley (W.). THRO' A YORKSHIRE WINDOW. Jenkins, 1919. 7½ in. 320 pp. il., 7/6 n.

A succession of pleasing pen-pictures of the Yorkshire dales, by the author of "Windyridge." Various types of hardy and self-reliant dalesmen and daleswomen people the valleys and fells depicted by the author—farmers and their wives, village idlers, the postmaster, and the village constable—and the types are as a rule attractive. The old vicar, "the Shepherd of the Flock," is delightfully portrayed; and there is a considerable measure of pathos in some of the episodes, such as the reception of the village V.C. and the death of the faithful collie.

Snaith (J. C.). LOVE LANE. Collins, 1919. 7½ in. 277 pp., 7/ n.

See review, p. 526.

Stacpoole (G. C.). HELEN OF DOON: a romance. Heath Cranton [1919]. 7½ in. 251 pp., 6/ n.

The first part of this story is laid in the West of Ireland. Helen MacDonough, the heroine, is nationalist and republican in her sympathies. She leaves Ireland for a time, and visits a friend who is a native of, and lives in, Ilardia, "a little 'Ruritania' state north-west of Matonia." There is a revolution during Helen's visit, and she is for a while taken prisoner by a band of insurgents, who mistake her for the deposed Queen. Other exciting incidents hold the reader's attention until the end of the book, when Helen, having returned to Ireland, somewhat disillusioned with revolution though she retains her political opinions, becomes affianced to the man of her choice—a young Irishman with an ardent love of his country.

Wynne (May), [Miss N. W. Knowles]. ROBIN THE PRODIGAL. Jarrolds [1919]. 8 in. 254 pp., 7/ n.

This "gallant romance of the days of Daniel Defoe" opens in 1706, and closes in 1719 with the finishing of "Robinson

Crusoe." It paints an attractive sentimental portrait of Defoe and his home life, and brings in his doings in Scotland, the Jacobites, Harley, Godolphin, and the romantic affairs of two lovers who have nothing to do with history.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

*Forbes (Rosita). UNCONDUCTED WANDERERS. Lane, 1919. 9 in. 209 pp. il. por., 12/6 n. 915-1919

Gay adventurousness, humour, and brilliant impressionism characterize this day-by-day account of the travels of two unprotected females from the United States through the Pacific Isles, New Guinea, Java and Sumatra, the Malay States, Siam and Cambodia, China and Korea. It is illustrated with charming snapshots.

Ransome (Arthur). SIX WEEKS IN RUSSIA IN 1919. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 7 in. 160 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 914.7

In this little book Mr. Ransome has endeavoured to give a dispassionate account of Bolshevik Russia. He has therefore attempted to do something which, if we are to estimate difficulty in terms of rarity, is stupendously difficult. Nevertheless, the book reads as if Mr. Ransome was successful in his aim. Those who have suffered from the terrible boredom of reading the pro or the con propaganda connected with Bolshevism, or from the atrocity-mongering of the "sound, right-minded" species, will turn with relief to this cool, vivid, well-written journal of a competent eye-witness.

Shipley (A. E.). THE VOYAGE OF A VICE-CHANCELLOR. [By A. E. S.] Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 8 in. 150 pp., 6/ n. 917.3

See notice in last week's number, p. 493.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Pingaud (Albert). LES HOMMES D'ETAT DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE ITALIENNE, 1802-1805: notices et documents biographiques ("Bibliothèque de l'Institut Français de Florence [Université de Grenoble], 1re série, Collection d'Histoire et de Philologie Françaises et Italiennes comparées," tome 5). Paris, Champion, 1914 [sic]. 10 in. 252 pp. bibliog. paper, fr.8.50. 920

See review p. 537.

Roosevelt (Theodore).

*Lewis (William Draper). THE LIFE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Philadelphia and Chicago, John C. Winston Co. [1919]. 9 in. 488 pp. il. por. ind., \$2.25 n. 920

This biography of Colonel Roosevelt is written by a personal friend whose admiration for his hero is apparent on almost every page. But it is as impartial an account as could be expected, in the circumstances, of the strenuous statesman, soldier, author, naturalist, and hunter of big game, who for seven and a half years presided over the destinies of the United States. It was remarked, when King Edward VII. died, that there was an almost universal sense of personal loss; and many people who had never known or seen Theodore Roosevelt had a similar feeling at the time of his death. He was a "strong man" in every sense. Independent and progressive in his outlook upon affairs, he effected great reforms in the American Civil Service; and when Police Commissioner he achieved much in the purification of public life in New York. He managed to be a success after accepting the post of Vice-President of the United States, "the most useless and the dullest office which it has ever been given to the wit of man to devise." A high sense of justice often led Roosevelt to espouse unpopular causes; and he was conspicuously fair to the coloured race. To the action of President Roosevelt, criticized at the time, can be ascribed the completion of the Panama Canal. He impressed upon the American people the importance of their navy. And he powerfully influenced public opinion as to the imperativeness of belligerent action in the world war. These are only some of the services of this great and truly patriotic American, of whom Dr. Draper Lewis's book is the first complete biography to appear.

Tynan (Katharine). THE YEARS OF THE SHADOW. Constable, 1919. 9 in. 351 pp., 15/ n. 920

The third instalment of Mrs. Hinkson's reminiscences makes excellent light reading. Mrs. Hinkson paints a picture of a land flowing with milk and the honeyed discourse of such

people as A. E., James Stephens, and Lord Dunsany. The easy charm of her writing makes life in Ireland, even during the war, seem very pleasant.

Westinghouse (George).

Leupp (Francis E.). GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE: HIS LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS. Murray, 1919. 9 in. 316 pp., il. por. ind., 15/ n. 920

This life of a great engineer and commercial man is a welcome change from the more stereotyped biographies of eminent persons. The life of George Westinghouse makes very good reading, partly due, no doubt, to the comparative strangeness of the kind of success here chronicled. We could wish that the author had been a little less sympathetic with his subject; a touch of aloofness, or even scepticism, would have thrown up more clearly the essentials of such a career. But the intelligent reader will have no difficulty in noting the implications of which the author has been unconscious.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Bidder (H. F.), pseud. "Orex." THREE CHEVRONS ("On Active Service" series). Lane, 1919. 7½ in., 251 pp. 5/n. 940.9

There is no small amount of interesting matter in these letters of an officer of the British army who was on active service from August 5, 1914, was for some time in charge of a Divisional Grenade School, took charge of machine guns, commanded a battalion, and witnessed the miseries of trench life at the worst period. Life at Amiens; the receipt by the army of the news of the battle of Jutland; and the battle of Messines in June, 1917, are among the topics treated in the letters.

Johnston (M. A. B.) and Yearsley (K. D.). FOUR-FIFTY MILES TO FREEDOM. Blackwood, 1919. 7½ in. 295 pp. il. map, 7/6 n. 940.9

This minutely detailed account of the means by which eight British officers (including the authors) succeeded in escaping from a Turkish prison camp at Yozgard, tramped over four hundred miles to the coast without being recaptured, eventually reached Cyprus, "and so home," is of exceptional interest. The book is one of the most notable records of ingenuity, courage, persistence, and good luck which we remember to have read. The achievement was remarkable and the officers well earned their success.

Mac Orlan (Pierre). LA FIN: souvenirs d'un correspondant aux armées. Paris, l'Edition Française Illustrée, 1919. 7½ in. 160 pp. il. paper, 3 fr. 940.9

A series of sketches of life with the armies of occupation in Germany. M. Mac Orlan writes of Alsace and Luxembourg, of the Rhineland, of Kiel and Frankfort, of the conquering garrisons of France, England and America. He is a war correspondent who is delightfully lacking in seriousness, and with all his senses attuned to catch the fantastic. For instance, it is hard to believe that anyone else could possibly have heard a song beginning:

Barmid, toi si douce,

Barmid, oh! toi qui sers au Savoy Hôtel.

One is very glad that there should be people like M. Mac Orlan, who can receive and condense into words that fine vapour of comic fantasy which charges even the most tragic atmosphere.

J. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Davies (Ellen Chivers). TALES OF SERBIAN LIFE. Harrap, 1919. 8½ in. 249 pp., il., 8/6 n. J.F.

The first of these stories of humble domestic life in Serbia forms a framework for the tales already published in "Hero-Tales and Legends of the Serbians," by W. M. Petrovitch, and a number of the illustrations in that book are reproduced here. These are first-rate stories for children.

Webb (Marion St. John). ELIZ'BETH, PHIL AND ME. Illus. by Margaret W. Tarrant. Harrap, 1919. 8 in. 122 pp. 5/n. J.821.9

In simple verse Robin, Eliz'beth, and Phil relate their thoughts, adventures, and games. Robin explains that he is "growing too old," and tells about "The Goberlin in the Cupboard"; Phil writes about "The Moving Stairway at Charing Cross"; and Eliz'beth has much to say of "Knitting," "Washing Dishes," and "Big Ben." These are only a few of the pieces of verse in the book, which is attractively illustrated.

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